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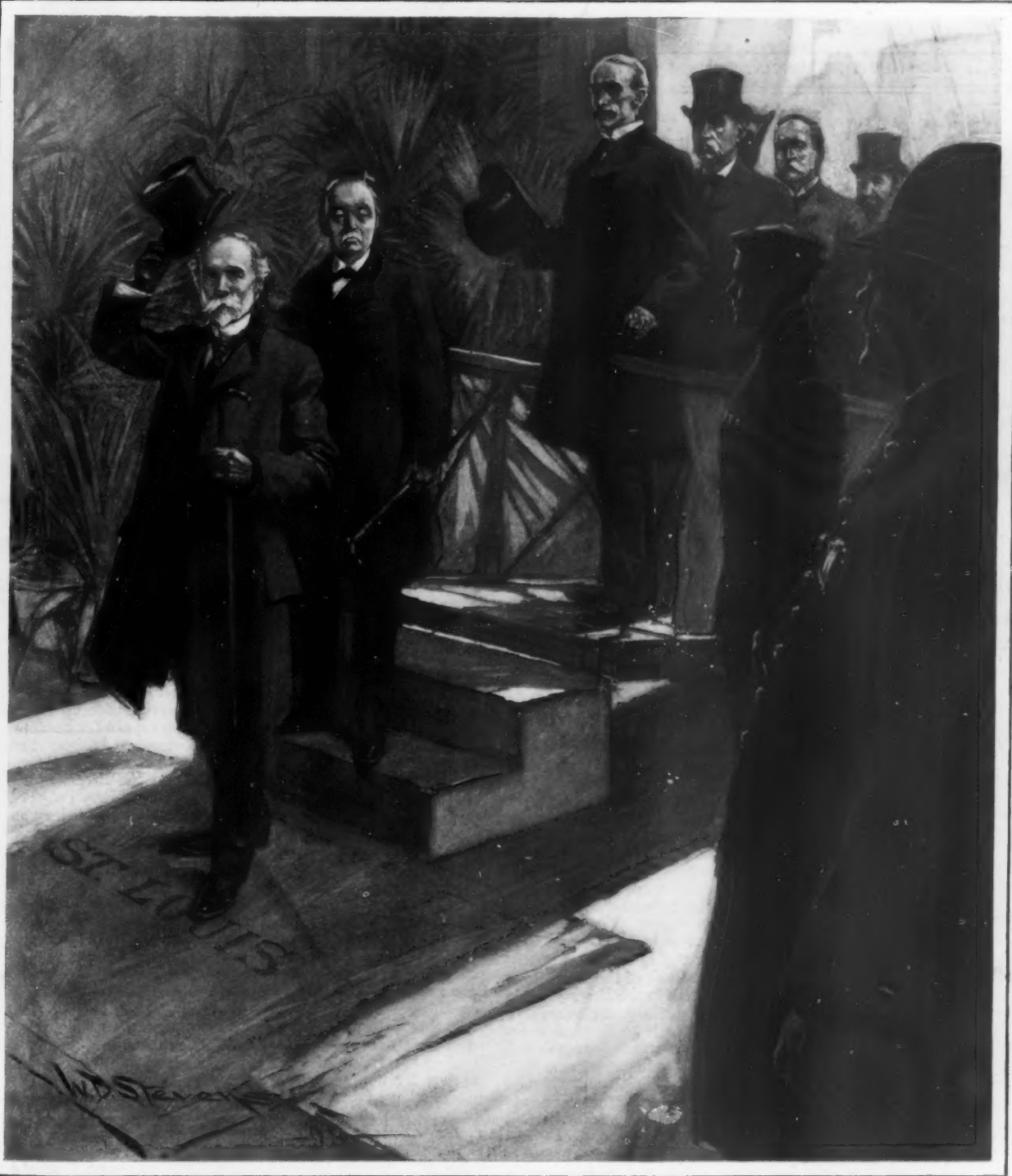
AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF

ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS



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VOL. TWENTY-TWO NO. 14 NEW YORK JANUARY 7 1899 PRICE TEN CENTS



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS
 Hon. Whitelaw Reid Senator Davis Hon. W. R. Day Senator Frye Senator Gray Mr. J. Bassett Moore

RETURN OF AMERICAN PEACE COMMISSIONERS
 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF ART LITERATURE
AND CURRENT EVENTS

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NEW YORK CITY

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

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NEW YORK JANUARY SEVENTH 1899

ANNOUNCEMENT

BEGINNING with the number dated January 28th, will appear in *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* a powerful serial entitled:

JANICE MEREDITH

A Story of the Revolution

by PAUL LEICESTER FORD, author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling." No American writer is better equipped from an historical standpoint to deal with the life and times of Washington than Mr. Ford, whose articles in the *Century Magazine* on "The True George Washington," and "The Many-Sided Benjamin Franklin," have made clear much that was dark in that period of American history. The story, which deals with the oscillation of a maiden's heart between two lovers, one a Tory in the service of the King, the other an Aide-de-camp of Washington, is full of the stirring action of the time. To add more brilliant historical color to the narrative its illustration has been intrusted to HOWARD PYLE, whose familiarity with the dress and manners of the day eminently qualifies him for the task.

THE year 1898 will be remembered in economical history as that in which, for the first time, the exports of the United States largely exceeded those of any other country, not excepting Great Britain herself. It is also noteworthy that a large part of those exports were manufactured articles. In certain lines, it has become impossible for foreign manufacturers to compete with us any longer. Significant, for example, is the announcement cabled by the American Ambassador at St. Petersburg that a contract for eighty thousand tons of steel rails required for the Manchurian branch of the trans-Siberian Railway has been awarded by Russia to the Pennsylvania and Maryland Steel Company. This is the largest single order for steel rails ever received by a single concern. Even more indicative of England's supersession by the United States in this particular direction is the order received by the same company for thirty-five thousand tons of steel rails which are to be laid on an Australian railroad. The offers of this American company were accepted in the cases just mentioned, although tenders had been made by English, French and German competitors. The facts demonstrate that, even at the low rate of eighteen dollars per ton, American factories can turn out a better article, and more rapidly, than can their European rivals, although the former pay higher wages to their employés.

THE latest phase of the Dreyfus affair is a curious one. On Monday, December 19, in the French Chamber of Deputies, the announcement was made by M. de Freycinet, Minister of War, that he would resign sooner than communicate to the Court of Cassation what he called the secret dossier, or batch of papers,

containing evidence against the convicted officer. The reason given for the announcement was that the safety of the Republic would be imperiled by the divulgence of the papers. The Premier, M. Dupuy, took somewhat different ground, and declared that the secret dossier would not be communicated to the Court of Cassation, much less subjected to inspection by the prisoner and his counsel, unless the Government could secure satisfactory guarantees that the contents of the papers would never be made public. M. Dupuy also asserted that the safety of the State was at stake. On the other hand, M. Brisson, the late Premier, informed the Chamber that he had inspected the so-called secret dossier, and had found absolutely nothing in it by which the security of the nation could be put in jeopardy. The Chamber preferred to believe the present Premier, and, by the overwhelming vote of 370 to 80, proclaimed its confidence in the Government. Nevertheless, on the very next day, M. Dupuy and M. de Freycinet seem to have changed their minds, for they turned over the secret dossier to the Court of Cassation, which, in turn, has permitted the papers to be inspected by the counsel for Dreyfus, knowing that, otherwise, it would violate the law. It now remains to be seen whether the Court will have the courage, not only to acquit Dreyfus, but to expose the real criminals. If it does, we may expect to see an attempt at a military coup d'état in Paris.

WILL THE ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMISSION
MAKE A TREATY?

THE Anglo-American Commission, in which England is represented by Lord Herschell, has taken a recess for the holidays, but will, presently, reassemble at the Federal capital. Is it probable that they will arrive at an agreement on the various points in controversy between the United States and the Dominion of Canada?

We may say at once that there is a much better prospect of an agreement at the present time than there would have been had the same task been undertaken by the Commission a year ago. So long as Canada was regarded as the outpost on this continent of a foreign and, possibly, hostile power, the American people were indisposed to make any concessions in the way of reciprocity which were calculated to promote the prosperity of the Dominion, even although considerable advantages might be secured by us in return. Events had proved that we were capable of thriving without Canadian help, whereas it had been demonstrated that, for Canada, the free admittance of her raw products to our market was indispensable. Why should we, it was asked, allow the raw products of Canada access to the market constituted by seventy-five million human beings, when all that was offered in exchange was access for our manufactures to the market furnished by five million consumers? The question involves the assumption that the admittance of Canadian raw products, duty free, would, necessarily, injure American producers through a competition with similar commodities grown on this side of the border. This assumption is pronounced a fallacy by one of the most distinguished American members of the joint commission. He contends that our country suffered a grave loss even by our abrogation of the former reciprocity treaty, which exempted from duties the raw products of Canada seeking admission to our markets, but did not give us in exchange the privilege of sending thither our manufactured articles, duty free. That treaty was abrogated by us, not for economical, but for sentimental reasons. Our people were indignant at the sympathy expressed for the Southern Confederacy by the ruling classes in Great Britain, and especially at the invasion of Vermont, which had been planned in Canada. They only considered at the time how they could inflict the utmost injury on the Canadians. They did not stop to think whether the abrogation of the treaty might not prove a costly operation for themselves, or whether, to use a homely phrase, they might not be biting off their nose to spite their face.

The eminent American member of the Commission, to whom we have referred, maintains that the abrogation was a grievous blunder from the viewpoint of our national interests. In the first place, we lost what, in spite of moderate duties, we had previously possessed; namely, the virtual monopoly of the Canadian market for manufactured articles. By way of reprisals for our abrogation of the treaty, the duties on commodities coming from the States were raised, while Canadian capital and enterprise were encouraged to establish manufactures of their own. That is to say, we deliberately created, so far as the Canadian market for manufactures was concerned, competitors that did not previously exist, and that now are, naturally, interested in averting the admittance of American commodities to the Canadian markets, duty free. In the second place, by imposing practically prohibitive duties on Canadian raw products, we did not raise, but actually lowered, the price of our own food staples, besides depriving American middlemen and ocean-carriers of the profits derivable from handling Canadian importations. Up to the date of the abrogation of the treaty, the surplus of Canada's food staples was sent to the United States, where it was handled by American citizens and shipped by them to Liverpool. By controlling the Canadian surplus as well as our own, we were enabled to fix the price of wheat in the Liverpool market, whereas, since the abrogation of the treaty, the Canadian sur-

has gone directly to Liverpool in English bottoms, and, figuring there not as a coadjutor, but as a competitor, has tended to deprive us of the power of fixing the price of grain. This is a view of the subject which will be new to many readers, but it is obviously one which deserves the attention of American producers.

It is understood that the Dominion members of the joint commission have renounced the programme of "commercial union," which was accepted by many Canadian Liberals some years ago. In pursuance of that programme, all duties were to be abolished between the United States and the Dominion, while, at the same time, identical duties were to be levied by both the contracting parties upon commodities coming from all transmarine countries, including Great Britain. The present Liberal government of the Dominion is unwilling, it appears, to discriminate against England in favor of the United States, and, recognizing the duty of shielding Canadian manufactures from ruinous competition, is also unwilling to admit both British and American commodities, duty free. They are willing, however, it is understood, in return for reciprocal concessions in the matter of Canadian raw products, to admit American manufactured articles upon terms identical with those imposed on wares coming from Great Britain, which latter now pay duties considerably lower than those levied upon similar commodities imported from foreign countries. There is reason to believe that such an arrangement, while, of course, less desirable than the admittance of our goods to Canada, duty free, would prove a source of signal profit to our manufacturers. Even now, when the Canadian tariff discriminates against us in favor of Great Britain, there has been a remarkable increase in the value of our export trade to the Dominion. This will be evident, if we compare the figures for the three months of August, September and October, 1898, in which the full twenty-five per cent tariff reduction in favor of Great Britain and her colonies was in operation, with the three corresponding months in 1896, when no discriminating rate existed. In August, September and October, 1896, the value of our exports to Canada was \$19,840,000, whereas, in the same months of the present year, it was \$28,667,000, or almost half as much again. If so marked an improvement can be made with the discriminating rate of twenty-five per cent against us, what expansion might not be looked for, if we were placed upon an equal footing with Great Britain?

If the commissioners can agree upon reciprocal concessions with regard to the Canadian and American tariffs, there should be but little difficulty in adjusting the other matters in dispute. The question, for example, of the boundary between Alaska and British North America is one that calls, in the first place, for the legal interpretation of documents, and, secondly, for the diplomatic accommodation of rights and interests. In other words, what was the line intended by the treaty; this being defined, would not mutual convenience be subserved by some change of the line? It is of obvious importance to Canada to secure, either by treaty, or by the cession of territory, access to the Yukon country by way of the Lynn Canal. As for the pelagic sealing controversy, it should be possible to give the United States exclusive control of the seal herds by compensating the Canadian fishermen now engaged in the sealing industry. Or, the concession of access to the Yukon country might be offered by way of compensation for the gift to the United States of the monopoly of the sealing business. As for the Atlantic fisheries question, this might be settled, it would seem, upon the lines of the Bond-Blaine treaty of 1891 between Newfoundland and the United States, for that treaty was only disallowed by the home government because Canada was not included. The bonding question has, practically, settled itself, and all that is asked of the commissioners is that they shall give permanence by treaty to privileges which, at present, are liable to be revoked or suspended at any time by either party. More doubtful, seemingly, is the consent of the Canadian commissioners to the American request for the abrogation of the clause in the Rush-Bagot treaty, which forbids either power to keep or build war vessels on the great lakes. It is natural enough that our large lake cities should desire to have a share in carrying out our programme of naval construction. Possibly, the reluctance of the Canadians to see the clause in question abrogated might be dispelled, if our Federal government would bind itself by treaty never to use upon the lakes, even in time of war, the vessels which should be built upon their shores.

ARE WE TO WITNESS AN ERA OF GOOD FEELING?

THERE is no doubt that much was accomplished in the way of extinguishing sectional feeling by the visit of President McKinley to the Southern States, and, especially, by his declaration that the graves of the Confederate dead ought to be cared for at the cost of the reconsolidated nation. The effect of that utterance upon the Southern press was profound, and seems likely to be permanent; there are even those who believe that it may materially influence Mr. McKinley's prospects at the next presidential election. It is asserted in several quarters that, if Mr. McKinley, whose renomination is taken for granted, would accept an ex-Confederate soldier

as the candidate for Vice-President, the Republican ticket would have a fair chance of carrying not only Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and Kentucky, but also Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana and Missouri, or, in other words, almost all of the former slaveholding States. That is to say, if such a ticket as "McKinley and Wheeler," or "McKinley and Lee" were offered to the voters, we should hear no more of the "Solid South," considered as the Gibraltar of Democracy.

There is a memorable precedent for the effacement of party lines and the substitution of an era of good feeling for sectional animosities. It will be remembered that scarcely had the government established under the Constitution been put in operation, than two political parties were organized, the one headed by Hamilton and the other by Jefferson. Inasmuch as the latter party advocated a strict construction, and the former a lax interpretation of our Federal organic law, their aims and views seemed irreconcilable, and, as early as Washington's second term, they exhibited toward one another in their speeches and writings a great deal of virulence and rancor. The antagonism, which had not spared even Washington himself, waxed fiercer after March 4, 1797, when John Adams became President, having beaten Thomas Jefferson by a small majority in the electoral colleges. Many leading Federalists honestly believed, when Thomas Jefferson was chosen President by the House of Representatives in the winter of 1800-1801, that the country was ruined, and they were not in the least comforted or propitiated by the magnanimous words in Jefferson's inaugural address, "We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans." Thenceforth, the Federalists lost ground rapidly in the Middle and Southern States, but turped at bay in New England, where, having shrunk to the dimensions of a sectional faction, they did not hesitate to say, through the mouth of Josiah Quincy in 1811, that the erection of the Orleans territory into a State would make it the right of all the original States, and the duty of some, to secede from the Union. Three years later, during our war with England, the Federalist Governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut went to the verge of secession by refusing to obey the President's call for troops. Yet, only six years thereafter, namely, in 1820, every New England State, as well as every other State in the Union, voted for James Monroe, the Democratic-Republican candidate, who received every electoral vote but one, which was withheld from him in order that it might never be said that any other American had gained the unanimous suffrage given to Washington. By the election of Monroe to a second term, the assertion prematurely made by Jefferson nineteen years before, "We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans," was literally verified. The old party lines were obliterated, and the new sectional distinctions were not yet well defined, although they were about to emerge with a good deal of sharpness in the debates on the Missouri Compromise. In Monroe's Cabinet, John Quincy Adams, who was the son of a Federalist President, and who, himself, was to be the protagonist of the Free-soilers in the House of Representatives, sat side by side with John C. Calhoun, who was to become the foremost champion of the doctrine of State Rights and the real author of our Civil War. That was a juxtaposition no less strange than would be the combination of the names of a Unionist and a Confederate soldier on the same Presidential ticket.

So far as appointive offices are concerned, there is many a precedent for the bestowal of posts of honor on Confederate soldiers. General Longstreet was but the most distinguished among several ex-Confederates who were invited by President Grant to discharge functions of responsibility. Another Confederate soldier, Mr. Key of Tennessee, was made Postmaster General by President Hayes. Mr. W. H. Hunt of Louisiana, who was made Secretary of the Navy by President Garfield, does not belong in the list, because he was a Unionist; but minor places were bestowed on ex-Confederates by the Garfield administration. The same thing may be said of the other Republican Chief Magistrates, Arthur, Harrison and McKinley. As for Mr. Cleveland, he not only selected ex-Confederates for seats in his Cabinet and sent them to represent the United States in foreign capitals, but he actually placed one of them on the seat of the United States Supreme Court.

It must, however, be acknowledged that an appointive office is one thing, and an elective office another. The former may be conferred with safety, when an attempt to gain the latter might be inexpedient. In the midst of the Rebellion the Republican party made Andrew Johnson its candidate for Vice-President, but Johnson was a Unionist. Since the close of the Civil War, neither of the great political parties, when the hour for choosing electors for President and Vice-President arrived, has ventured to ask the suffrages of Northern voters for a Confederate soldier. The Democratic party refrained from doing so for obvious reasons; it was sure of most of the former slave States in any event, and could not afford to give any pretext for rekindling sectional enmity. It is only the Republican party which could, with impunity, place an ex-Confederate on its Presidential ticket. We do not believe that Mr. McKinley would lose a single Northern State by such a collocation of names, for a possible slight defection on the part of quondam abolitionists would be much more than counterbalanced by the accession of broad-minded Democrats eager to witness the interment of the issues of the war.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY AN OFFICER OF GENERAL GREENE'S STAFF

THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF HAVANA

THE FIRST UNITED STATES TROOPS TO ENTER THE CITY—FIRST REGIMENT, NORTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS, MARCHING INTO HAVANA, WITH AN INFORMAL ESCORT OF NATIVES



President McKinley.

Gage, Sec'y of Treasury.

Griggs, Att'y-General.

Long, Sec'y of Navy.

Wilson, Sec'y of Agriculture.
Hay, Sec'y of State.

Egan, Sec'y of Interior.

Alger, Sec'y of War.

Smith, Postmaster-General.

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS CABINET

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Copyright, 1898, by R. Wilhelm.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.
Possibly to be Ambassador to Great Britain.

Photograph by Aimée Dupont.

JOSEPH SIMON.
The new Senator from Oregon.

Photograph by Taylor, Washington.

JUTARŌ KOMURA,
The new Japanese Minister to the U. S.DON CARLOS.
Chronic Pretender to the Spanish Throne.FERNANDO DE CASTRO.
Spanish Civil Governor of Havana.

Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

RAMON YGLESIAS,
President of the Republic of Costa Rica.

MEN OF THE WEEK

OUR NOTE-BOOK

M. R. CRUSOE DE ROUGEMONT'S edition of the Australian Nights, with which he beguiled the British Association, has recently been recognized as a work of pure imagination. In the last issue of the "Wide World Magazine," the periodical in which he first found fame, there is a notice to the effect that the editors no longer vouch for his veracity. It were difficult to be more circumspect and less rude. Elsewhere he has been labeled Psalmanazar. But the label, though meant to be fierce, is merely stupid. De Rougemont gulled the British Association. Psalmanazar gulled Great Britain. By the press at large De Rougemont has been received with cheerful incredulity. The learned reviews swallowed Psalmanazar whole. De Rougemont perpetrated a silly hoax. Psalmanazar invented a language, a literature and a religion. The career of De Rougemont has been brief and tormented, that of Psalmanazar terminated only when he himself raised the masque. The one is a dime novelist, the other was a splendid fraud. To this day nobody knows what Psalmanazar's real name was. What is De Rougemont's real name nobody cares. Psalmanazar represented himself as a Japanese from Formosa. He published a book which contained an alphabet of his own manufacture, portraits of false gods, pictures of fictitious people, and with them engravings of imaginary temples, shrines and ships. It was accepted as gospel. In his Memoirs Psalmanazar says: "I was but twenty, and I deceived all England." The Bishop of London became his patron. He lectured at Oxford, took orders, and died in an odor of sanctity. We may be in error, we often are, but it seems to us that in comparison M. de Rougemont is a very small boy. Yet then again a century and a half ago, in the days in which Psalmanazar lived and lied, knowledge was limited, and the earth was not. Had De Rougemont come then his success might have been proportionate. The Gates of Life, a thinker has noted, are double. On one stands written Too Late. On the other Too Soon. Between them this poor chap got strangled.

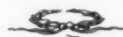
MR. LANDOR'S recently published account of his experiences in Thibet exceed in interest Mr. Alice de Rougemont's adventures in Wonderland, and that not because of what he did, but because of what he didn't. What he set out to do was to snap-shoot the Ocean Priest of Lassa on his throne. What he omitted to do was to avoid the ingenuity of Thibetian torture. To

reach the one he invited the other. At the frontier he was honored by the visit of a native. "Throwing myself upon him," writes Mr. Landor, "I grabbed him by the pigtail and landed in his face a number of blows straight from the shoulder. When I let him go he threw himself down crying, and implored my pardon. Once for all, to disillusion the Thibetian on one or two points, I made him lick my shoes clean with his tongue. This done, he tried to scamper away, but I caught him once more by the pigtail and kicked him down the front steps, which he had presumed to ascend unbidden." That is what is called disregard of the bagatelles of the door. The proceeding was quite serviceable. A little later Mr. Landor was seized by the soldiery. It took five hundred of them to reduce him—yet not, of course, to subjection. Even the Pombo, the local Pantata, could not do that. The latter ordered Mr. Landor put through a series of gymnastics, and finally on the rack. "I had then," he declares, "the peculiar sensation of possessing a living head on a dead body." The sensation appears to have lasted twenty-four hours. On release, when the blood began to circulate, he had another sensation, that of handfuls of knives fumbling about within him. These sufficed. We gather that they extirpated further desire for the sensation in search of which he had come, and that we readily credit.



THE THIBETIANS want to keep that sensation for themselves. They have succeeded in so keeping it for centuries, and if Silva be with them, they will preserve it for centuries yet. The gates of Lassa are guarded. Guarded too is Potala, where, in his jeweled pagoda, the Ocean Priest resides. There is the sensation. We need not wonder at Mr. Landor's desire to make his acquaintance. We need not wonder either that the compliment was not returned. The Ocean Priest is a mystery made man. To millions of human beings he is the incarnation of the Divine. The religion which he represents is so intricate that the Ka'jur, from which it is expounded, is not a book, but a library. Reputed to be the ultimate and sole depository of primordial knowledge, it is said to contain the lost arcana, and with them the secrets of the enigmas of the cosmos, the sciences which plutonian cataclysms engulfed, the recitals of the genesis and metamorphosis of the supernal, the chronicles of the forgotten relations of nature and of man. Therewith are treatises on hygiene and metaphysics; precepts and incantations; the trivial and the occult. The pages, hopelessly dull when they do not happen to be amusing, are unimaginably recondite. Their exegesis is the Ocean Priest, who is assumed to be immortal. What the vulgar call death

is to him the avatar—the passing of the soul into a new and younger habitation. That passing, and the spectacle of it, is the great attraction. We should much like to see it. But until the obstacles which Mr. Landor encountered are removed we prefer influenzaed New York.



DR. SVEN HEDIN'S adventures are another kettle of fish. More reliable than M. de Rougemont's, more valuable than Mr. Landor's, they eclipse even those of Fridtjof Nansen, Esquiman. The most palatable occurred in the uplands of Asia, on the high plain whence waters spread like a fan eastward, westward, and to the Indus beyond. They occurred on the roof of the earth. Dr. Hedin journeyed from Petersburg to Peking, from the steppes of Kirghiz to the dinner-table of Li Hung Chang. At the latter he was served with cheap food and inferior champagne. The fact is worth noting. One touch of ill-nature makes the whole world kin. Besides, Li is one of the richest beings alive. We assume, however, that Dr. Hedin did not mind. A tale which he tells of a ten-day crawl, without a drop of anything to drink, through the horror of the Takla-Makland desert, is one of the most poignant episodes ever written and perhaps ever conceived. It is a picture after Doré, after Dante, too. In any event, it must have left him indifferent to the hardships encountered at the table of Li-Hung-Chang. The interest of the narrative, however, centers not in the flesh pots of Cathay, nor yet in their absence, but in Janaidar, a city to which the Kirghiz look up and pray as they pass. Perched on a peak of the Pamirs, built in days remote as an abode of bliss, provided with flowers that never wither, with delights that never weary, with songs that never cease, it rests above the barren plains, a mirage of what Paradise may be. Dr. Hedin tried to ascend the mountain on which legend has placed it. Being mortal, he failed.



OLYMPUS, or, more exactly, Mus-tagh-ata, the mountain on which Janaidar is perched, reaches an elevation of twenty-five thousand feet. Three-fourths of the distance Dr. Hedin ascended. There he was blocked. There also he too had a sensation. It seemed to him that he was standing on the threshold of space. The flight, without being very imaginative, deserves mention. It was on the confines of the unknown that histories, ancient, yet not altogether accurate, placed Hyperborea, which, according to Hecateus, is a land where felicity was a birthright, inalienable at that, yet a felicity



BRIG.-GEN. L. H. CARPENTER,
Commander of Department of Puerto Principe.



MAJ.-GEN. FITZHUGH LEE,
Commander of all Troops in Province of Havana.



Photograph by Steffens, Chicago.
MAJ.-GEN. J. R. BROOKE,
Commander of the Military Division of Cuba.



BRIG.-GEN. SIMON SNYDER,
Commander of Department of Santa Clara.



COL. DUNCAN HOOD,
Commander of Holguin Dist., Dept. of Santiago.



BRIG.-GEN. G. W. DAVIS,
Commander of Department of Pinar del Rio.

AMERICAN MILITARY COMMANDERS IN CUBA

ity so sweet that it must have been cloying, for the people who possessed it, and with it the appanage of limitless life, killed themselves from sheer ennui. The Janaidarines may have been like unto them. In the circumstances, it is as well perhaps that Dr. Hedin did not reach the mountain-top. He has an illusion left. So have we. Always and everywhere there is an abode of bliss. But on condition that it is treated as the Kirghiz treat Mus-tagh-ata, that it is looked up to, prayed to, and then passed by.



MISS BOHLEN is, or rather was, a Philadelphia girl, who from her grave has succeeded in disturbing the statics of the German empire. If one dead American can do that the ideas of the late Mr. Monroe ought to be revised. The facts, too, should be Offenbached. Summarily, they are as follows: Miss Bohlen married a German, and had a daughter, who became the wife of Count Ernst of Lippe-Biesterfeld. The house of Lippe, sovereign and titularly illustrious, consists of four lines—Lippe proper, Lippe-Biesterfeld, Lippe-Weissenfeld, and Schaumburg-Lippe. Their origin is lost not precisely in the magnificence of myth, but in the mists of the Middle Ages. That, however, is a detail. The point is that, the eldest line becoming recently extinct, the succession was severally claimed by Count Ernst of the second branch and Prince Adolf of the third. Here enters the mailed fist, and with it a fine slap at Philadelphia. The claims of Prince Adolf were favored by the Kaiser, first, because he happened to be his brother-in-law, and, second, because Count Ernst was the husband of the daughter of what in imperial zoology is known as a *gemeine Amerikanerin*. But the Kaiser is not lord of all he surveys. The dispute, submitted for arbitration to the King of Saxony, was decided by him in favor of Count Ernst. There was a pill for the emperor, one parenthetically which even in the emotions of the Holy Land, he was unable to digest. Not long ago, with a view perhaps of taking Count Ernst down a peg or two, he instructed the general commanding the army corps situated within the principality to withhold from him his title of Erlaucht or Illustrious. That was a very mean thing to do.



COUNT ERNST protested. To every self-respecting person the title of Illustrious is more evocative, more precious, more uplifting even than that of Durchlaucht. Transparency. To Count Ernst it is as much part

and parcel of himself as his nose. The withholding of the one was like tweaking the other. He protested accordingly. Here the plot thickens. On receipt of the protest, the Kaiser wired him sweetly as follows: "Regulations of general issued with my approval. In addition, I forbid once and for always the tone in which it has seemed good to you to address me: W. R." Thereupon the count protested again, not to W. R., however, but to his brother sovereigns, the Landesväter of Germany, to whom he denounced the telegram and the encroachment on his prerogatives, which he declared to be a menace to their own. And so it is. The Empire, as founded in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, is a corporation of federal states. For the purpose of national defense, over this corporation, the Kaiser, as war-lord, is supreme. But in the internal affairs of the different states his interference is unconstitutional, and as such illegal, without warrant, and officious besides. The Kaiser is not the Emperor of Germany, he is the German Emperor. Apart from matters of peace and war within the separate frontiers of the Reich, each kinklet and princeling rules as sovereignly and by the same token as pettily as he. W. R. has now therefore a choice between a back seat and the spectacle of a number of Landesväter on high horses. And all because of an American girl. But, put on the stage to the forgotten music of the "Roi Carotte," what a charming little operetta the story would make.



LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S kissing tournament has been condemned by leading physicians as unhealthy. Naturally. Sour grapes are unhealthy too. By navy officers it has also been condemned. But to say one thing and mean something else will happen to all of us, even to the best. Incidentally the culprit has defended his achievements on the ground that the methods and processes observed are entirely platonic. We hope they are. Yet we can't be sure. Where girls are concerned heroes lie like the very dickens. The point is that at last accounts Hobson was not looking very fit. Everything being possible, it may be then that the physicians are right. As a matter of scientific knowledge, it is worth noting that pathology is as yet undecided at what precise moment platonism diminishes and inflammation sets in. Pasteur, in his very excellent text-book entitled, "L'Amour et le Rage au point de vue bacteriologique" (Paris, 1884), declares it to be a matter of temperament. Koch, however, in his "Beitrag u. s. w." (Berlin, 1885), holds it to be a question of exposure. These opinions are conflicting, and we do not presume to co-ordinate them. What we do presume is to express

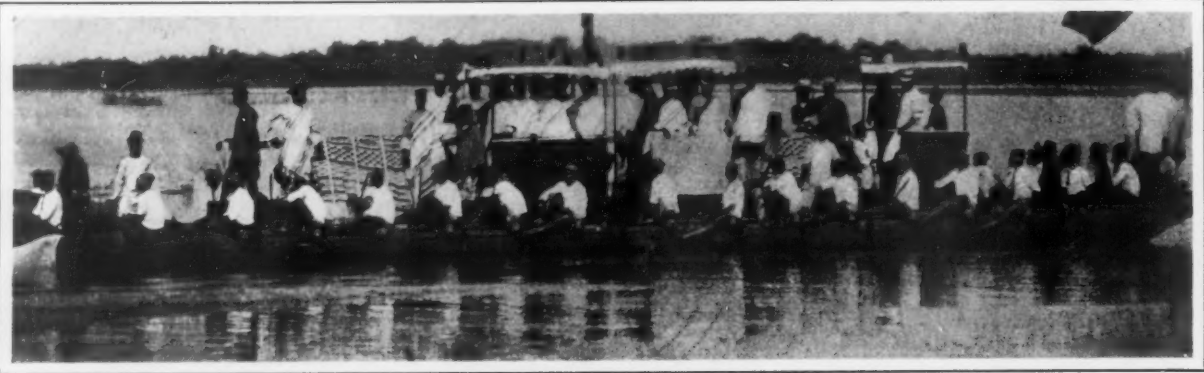
thanks that the lieutenant is being moved rapidly away. We have no use for his platonism in our diggings.

"OLD SLEUTH," lately deceased, is reported in the practice of his profession to have accumulated half a million. That is a good deal of money to make by the sweat of one's pen. But there are some who have done, and there are others who are doing better yet. Mr. Moody, for instance. Already one book of his has brought him in over twice that amount. Then there is Mr. Kipling. He began quite modestly. To-day he accepts twenty-five cents per word in England and half a dollar here. We don't blame him. On the contrary. The point is though, where at that rate is Old Sleuth, where too is Mr. Moody? Mrs. Humphry Ward is less monopolian. In eight years with four novels this lady has cleared three hundred thousand dollars. Should she be spared to us she may beat Scott, who made two million. At present she is only seventy-five thousand behind Anthony Trollope, a hundred thousand behind Bulwer, and two hundred thousand behind Dickens. That is nothing. Besides, in comparison to Mrs. Pinkham, she is simply nowhere. For a poem entitled "Sleep," Tennyson received a guinea a word. For the "Miserables" Hugo received eighty thousand, and for "Sappho" Daudet received two hundred thousand dollars. We believe Mrs. Pinkham to be much better paid. Miss Corelli is her one rival. The sums which this delicious bareback, sawdusted circus-rider of the fountain-pen has gathered together, while unbelievable, are wholly deserved. There is but one literary cuss who has done better. What his name is escapes us. We forget, too, the titles of his works. They are of the variety known as subscription, and on their sales he has built a square Chicago block. There should be a moral to all tales, and for the benefit of young writers there is one to this: In literature virtuosity is its own reward.



THE CORNHILL'S "PRIVATE DIARY," recently published in book form, contains two or three stories which, without possessing the blush of debutantes, are still too young to have pleased the idleness of Alexander the Great. Here is one which deserves the honors of local adaptation. A lady is mourning the demise of a neighbor. "He had a good heart," her obituary on him runs. "Out here in the country he was kind and helpful to me in all sorts of ways, yet the poor dear fellow was so vulgar that we could not know him in London. But we shall meet in Heaven." It would not be right to call that true to life, yet perhaps it is true to death.

EDGAR SALTUS.



STATE BARGE OF A MINDANAO ISLAND CHIEFTAIN



Photographs by our Manila Correspondents

SULU ISLANDERS MAKING TWINE

LIFE IN MANILA

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

MANILA, Oct. 31

ARMY life has seen few changes since our troops were settled down to the dull routine of guard and garrison duty and barrack life. It is always the inactivity that wears upon an army, and so it is with the army of occupation here in Manila. While the duties are not so arduous, there are numerous drills and parades and reviews. This is the period during which the army is expected to do its "un soldiering" and at the same time recuperate from the hardships of the campaign.

There are prevalent reports regarding the fears of an epidemic of smallpox here, but there is nothing to be feared from this source. Our hospital authorities have established a pest-house outside the city, and there is no danger of an epidemic here. But it cannot be denied that Manila is an unhealthy city. With its open canals and ditches flooded and flushed by the tide it cannot be made a clean city, for more dirt is brought in than is taken out. What Manila needs is a system of drainage patterned after that of the Crescent City, the discharge of which is into a deep-water reservoir. Manila's low level makes any other impracticable.

Yet there have been some wonderful changes. The streets are now clean and the town presents a new appearance. We have a board of health, which is looking after the sanitation of the city and carrying on the work of ridding it of its dangerous places. But even with all its disadvantages, it would be hard to find a healthier city in the Torrid Zone, and when the new order of things is fully established Manila will be a white man's paradise.

The American colony here is constantly increasing. At first it was composed solely of the newspaper correspondents who are quartered at the English Hotel on the Escolta. Every incoming ship has brought a number of Americans, and there are now many representatives of capital here awaiting the final decision of the Peace Convention regarding these islands.

Journalistic enterprises have been active in Manila during the last few weeks. Already there are four American papers here. There are two daily and two weekly, but "The American," a daily, is the only one which attempts to give telegraphic news. The Spanish organs here continue to bewail the Spanish

reverses, but are careful in their criticisms of our army.

The latest excitement which has ruffled the monotony of Manila life is the report that Aguinaldo is going to take the city, but that crafty insurgent will likely let us know when he takes us. But, notwithstanding, these reports have occasioned considerable excitement in the city. But we do not intend to be taken by Aguinaldo or by any one else. In our army there have been numerous moves lately. We have strengthened our outposts and the entire army is ready for any trouble that comes.

The insurgents are permitted to retain their position in our old fortifications around Manila, and in permitting this we have made a great mistake, for this dual occupation could not but result as it has in complications. But whatever may be the real attitude of the insurgents toward us, apparently they are very much *omero*, as they say; but, like all races of the Malay type, they are a treacherous class and are not to be trusted. Within the city there is a secret society among the natives similar to that which existed under Spanish rule, and at any time we may have a great uprising to face.

But despite all this, Manila is as gay as ever, and in the streets and public houses there are gay crowds at the height of mirth and enjoyment, and to-day gives no signs of its troubled past or of fears for the future. Its commercial life is keeping pace with its development along other lines, and when the news of the ultimate result of the Paris Peace Convention is flashed over the wire Manila will be ready to begin life in earnest and to a purpose.

The rule of our military government is being extended to the civil offices of the city. Taxes, license and other internal revenue are being collected by our officials, and the system is to be extended soon. At present the old Spanish rates with some modifications are in force, but when we assume permanent authority here new rates will be established. The internal revenue rates of the Spanish were oppressive. They taxed everything heavily, even to a man's wife, and in the words of the Scripture, "everything that is his."

The other day I attended a cocking main in the outskirts of the city. While bull-fighting is unknown here in Manila, cock-fighting is the universal amusement, and here such an event attracts as much attention and is accompanied by as much excitement as a baseball or football game in the United States. There are no finer

game-cocks in the world than those of the Philippines, and the natives are experts in handling the feathered pugilists. Here every native owns a number of game-cocks, and events are of daily occurrence. An open court or some plaza was usually selected for these events during the Spanish regime, for then they were licensed by the officials; but now they are accompanied by less excitement, lest our authorities relegate the pastime to oblivion along with the street gambling and other evils. When once it becomes known that such an event is to occur the natives gather in great crowds and betting is lively. The birds are provided with long knife-like spurs and they usually fight to a finish, the vanquished bird generally being killed and then trampled under foot by the crowd. Such is the universal amusement of the Filipinos.

Manila has quite a number of theatres, and many companies formerly came here from Spain and elsewhere; but no longer is this the case. Among the theatres of Manila is the Filipino Theatre, and to-day this is the only one at which performances are given. The performers here are all natives. There are some very clever acrobats, who help to amuse the attendants, and some plays of native comedy and tragedy are produced. Native songs intersperse the programme, and a native band here discourses our national airs as well as the native strains.

I have been much impressed with the ability of the natives along musical lines. Perhaps they have imbibed this from the Spaniards; but however this may be they show much skill in the manipulation of brass and reed instruments. Here in Manila the manufacture of string instruments is an important industry. The city has a piano-maker whose skill has been noised abroad, and to-day his instruments are found all over Europe and Asia.

Those of us who have had the good fortune to be here in Manila during the last two months have experienced some of the most delightful weather imaginable, and if this is a fair sample of Manila's climate it is certainly a white man's paradise, which can be said of but very few cities within the tropics. While the heat at midday is considerable, the evenings are delightfully cool and remind one of a summer evening at an Atlantic resort. And this is called the cool season here. But we hear none of the October winds rustle the falling leaves, as is now the case back at home. Here only the tropical zephyrs waft the evergreens and lull one to dreams of far away.

W. G. I.



A MINDANAO ISLAND CHIEFTAIN AND HIS COURT



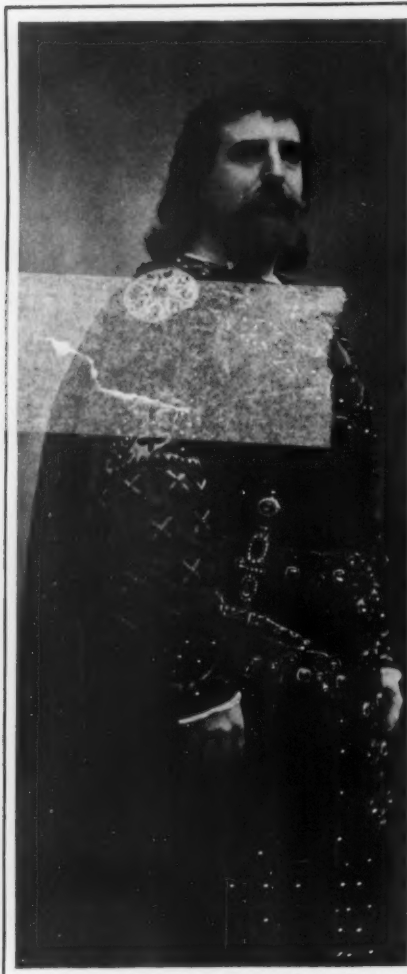
SULU ISLAND WARRIORS



GROUP OF SULU WOMEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR MANILA CORRESPONDENTS

ODD NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINES



Photographs copyrighted, 1893, by Aimé Dupont
ALBERS AS WOLFRAM



NORDICA AS BRUNHILDE



DIPPEL AS SIEGFRIED

AT THE OPERA

"CARMEN" has been done so often in opera and drama that it would not be surprising if a performance of this opera should call out only a passing notice despite Bizet's picturesque musical setting of Mérimée's interesting plot. The title rôle is one that all mezzo sopranos aim to one day sing, and the conquests of a Hawk or the inspired portrayal of the cigarette girl by Calvé, fail equally to deter or daunt them. It is to the interpretation of the passionate gypsy girl that all thoughts turn when the name of the opera "Carmen" comes to one's notice.

Zelie de Lussan's Carmen, as given in the first performance of the opera during the present season, was made valuable chiefly because of the splendid company which supported her. Her interpretation of the part does not bear pleasant comparison with any of her notable predecessors in spite of a rich personal beauty and a lithe, sinuous figure which suits the character admirably. Her dusky eyes and hair are like those of some of Fortuny's Eastern beauties, but her interpretation of the passionate Spanish girl exhibits a sensuality which is unpleasing and, moreover, is untrue. Mdle. de Lussan's Carmen has been seen before and rated creditably. Her performance this season is infinitely better in some respects than when last heard. It is full of abandon and not unpleasing musically; but she is not broad in her treatment of this, her favorite part, although she has pleased foreign critics.

In the present instance she was supported by Saléza as Don Jose, Henri Albers as Escamillo, and Mme. Eames as Micaela—an excellent body of singers, and one calculated to balance the interest of the play and make it musically satisfying. Moreover, Signor Mancinelli was for once amiable enough to bend to the feelings of the singers and thereby keep his orchestra under control throughout the playing of the brilliant score, which teems with rhythmic Spanish melodies, and is altogether musicianly.

The Escamillo of Henri Albers was vocally a charming performance and one of considerable dignity; but as dignity is a quality scarcely in sympathy with the part, that virtue became a detraction rather than an ornament. There was an unfortunate lack of fire in his singing of the famous Toreador song and an absence of swing which was disappointing to the many who had expected greater things from M. Albers'. But M. Saléza as Don Jose again stirred his audience into a transport of delight, which more than recompensed them for other slight lacks in the performance. His interpretation is undoubtedly faulty. He acts like an American gentleman or an English officer, and with an intelligence of refinement which is most unusual. He is infinitely better-looking in modern garb than in the

"make-up" of Romeo or Faust, and of his dramatic fervor and real strength there can be no difference of opinion. He is a student who industriously studies the value of every vocal line, and if some shortcomings exist, they are the shortcomings which result from a false conclusion rather than from a careless or accidental "hit and miss" performance. His accurate voice and fine phrasing are delightful. His fresh enthusiasm is more wholesome than one often sees, but his great refinement in the treatment of Don Jose, especially in the first act, was a mistake. His love-making in the later parts won all the sympathy of his hearers who said among themselves, "He does not give a De Reszke performance, nor does he play like any one else. His work is distinctly original, but it is authoritative; it is fresh, and the greatest of his predecessors could never fall at the feet of the siren Carmen with the absolute grace of the new singer Saléza."

Andreas Dippel, the poetic young German tenor, who appeared later in the week as Lohengrin, has also won his share of honors. Herr Dippel has sung this part in the metropolis very frequently, but as a lapse of several years has occurred since his last appearance in the character, and his work in other operas has taken on such an increased value, his reappearance as Lohengrin was curiously watched to see what development, if any, would be shown. Herr Dippel's appearance is exactly suited to the poetic parts of Wagner's most scholarly operas. He is young, handsome, and very reliable. His work is exceedingly good and almost satisfying. Where free unfettered youth is to be interpreted Herr Dippel embodies it as few singers may hope to do. His vocalism, however, shows a lack of application of the rules of finished singing. He cannot caress a tone. He parts with all tones too hurriedly, and sometimes mars an entire solo which has been delightfully rendered otherwise by an abruptly ended note.

Mme. Eames as Elsa was not in her usual good form. As has been observed in much of this artist's work, her voice does not always respond, and her coldness in acting, especially in important passages, where intensity is imperative, is sometimes indulged in to the point of absolutely marring the scene.

The other singers in the cast of "Lohengrin" who did clever and painstaking work were David Bispham in the part of Telramund and Mme. Meisslinger as Ortrud, the consort of Telramund. Mr. Bispham's voice was delightfully warm and his acting very spirited. Mme. Meisslinger's shrill sharp upper tones forbid her appearance in such important parts as Ortrud, although her earnestness may not, in justice, be passed over. Nevertheless, her work is unsatisfying, either musically or dramatically. As in the earlier performances of Wagnerian opera this season, the stage management was very faulty, and, on this occasion, neglected to have the mechanical parts of the play in good order.

LONDON PLAYERS IN NEW PLAYS

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM

AT HIS unique little subterranean theatre, "The Criterion," Mr. Wyndham has for years been wont to make London laugh, but latterly he has essayed to make her weep. This new attempt has not, in my own estimate, proved a signal success. But Mr. Wyndham is so popular—one might say so beloved—by London audiences, that if he played *Romeo* or *Othello* they would judge him leniently, and neither, it is not rash to assert, would he play at all well. His part in "The Jest" is excessively romantic, like the work itself. It is in four acts, and has one continuous scene—the garden adjoining Cesare's villa at Genoa. While the Pisans are at the gates of the city, this young nobleman and his friend, Cosmo, waste their time in pleasurable living. Annunziata loves Cesare, but he is too absorbed in reckless gayeties to discover the spell he has wrought. Fiorella, on the other hand, returns the passion of Cosmo, yet by pretending a preference for Cesare turns the friends into rivals. Cesare at length heads a band of Genoese against the Pisans, and returns victorious with their banner, which he presents to Fiorella. The parents of this young lady are anxious that she shall marry the young victor, and Fiorella, who at first is shown to us as the adroitest of coquettes, is finally won by him. After she has been married for some little time, Cosmo (who has also rushed to the wars in jealous rage) returns no less triumphant than her husband, and proffers her a second banner won from the foe. He is still ignorant of his idol's marriage, and when he learns of it his anguish is acute. Meanwhile Annunziata has taken the veil through disappointment and grief. The real "agony" of the drama now begins. Cesare, who has wedded the girl in jest as he has previously done nearly everything else throughout his life, realizes that he has grown to adore her. But Fiorella, though willing to respect her bridal oath with the utmost fidelity, is conscious of a deep love for Cosmo, and this Cesare finds out. Having lighted upon the actual truth, he feels that his jest has recoiled upon him in terrible earnest. He is the barrier between two loving hearts, and in a very long introspective soliloquy asks himself what is the path out of this wretched complication. He has determined to commit suicide, yet shrinks from the act as unmanly. Still, to use his own words, it is the only way of cutting the knot. Abruptly a mad troubadour named Orsino stabs him, through the belief that his misery can thus alone be ended, and we are confronted with the curious fact that Mr. Wyndham, sunniest of comedians, has positively enacted the chief rôle in a



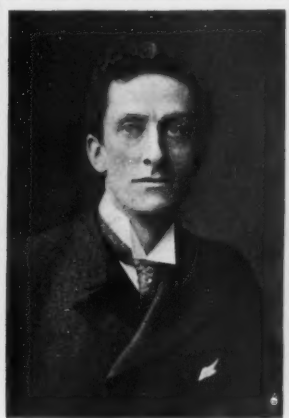
H. BEERBOHM TREE AS D'ARTAGNAN



MRS. KENDAL



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL



J. FORBES ROBERTSON



MR. KENDAL



CHAS. WYNDHAM AS DAVID GARRICK

SIX FAMOUS LONDON PLAYERS

tragedy. It is not, to speak frank truth, a performance of much force or finish, nor has the great London theatre-going world, unless I markedly err, so accepted it. Mr. Wyndham's method teems with modernity. He is better as the devil-may-care gallant in the first two acts, but you regret, even there, the hose and doublet, and his failure to create for these accessories any of the poetic atmosphere which was meant to surround them. He does not impersonate Cesare awkwardly or unsympathetically, but he impersonates him, if I may say so of such a graceful actor, infelicitously. Romanticism is what the part wants, and he is not romantic in it, he is prosaic, and hence unconvincing. He has mis-cast himself, put himself out of tune; and you recognize, long before the curtain falls, that his effort has been not so much to say something beyond his fine native abilities as something beside them. Mr. Kyrie Bellow, so long well-known to us Americans, plays Cosmo with rich fervor. His principal flaw is a tendency to over-act, but his splendid voice and chiseled face combine admirably with his vivid emotionalism. Miss Mary Moore is, as always, a pearl of winsomeness. No one else in the cast is at all striking save Orsino, the picturesque madman, whose lines are obviously modeled on those of the Shakespearian fools, with their singing entrances and singing exits, their weird blends of hysteria and solemnity. As for the play, it deserves high praise. The literary and dramatic elements meet in it with skillful conjuncture. Mr. Louis N. Parker and Mr. Murray Carson are its authors, and they have ample reason for pride in so imaginative and fragrant a product. To write the medieval tragedy, and yet make it "playable" in the sense of to-day, involves talent of the rarest order. "The Jest" should hold the stage, and the part of Cesare has "chance" enough to rank in the repertory of many a future "star."

MR. BEERBOHM TREE

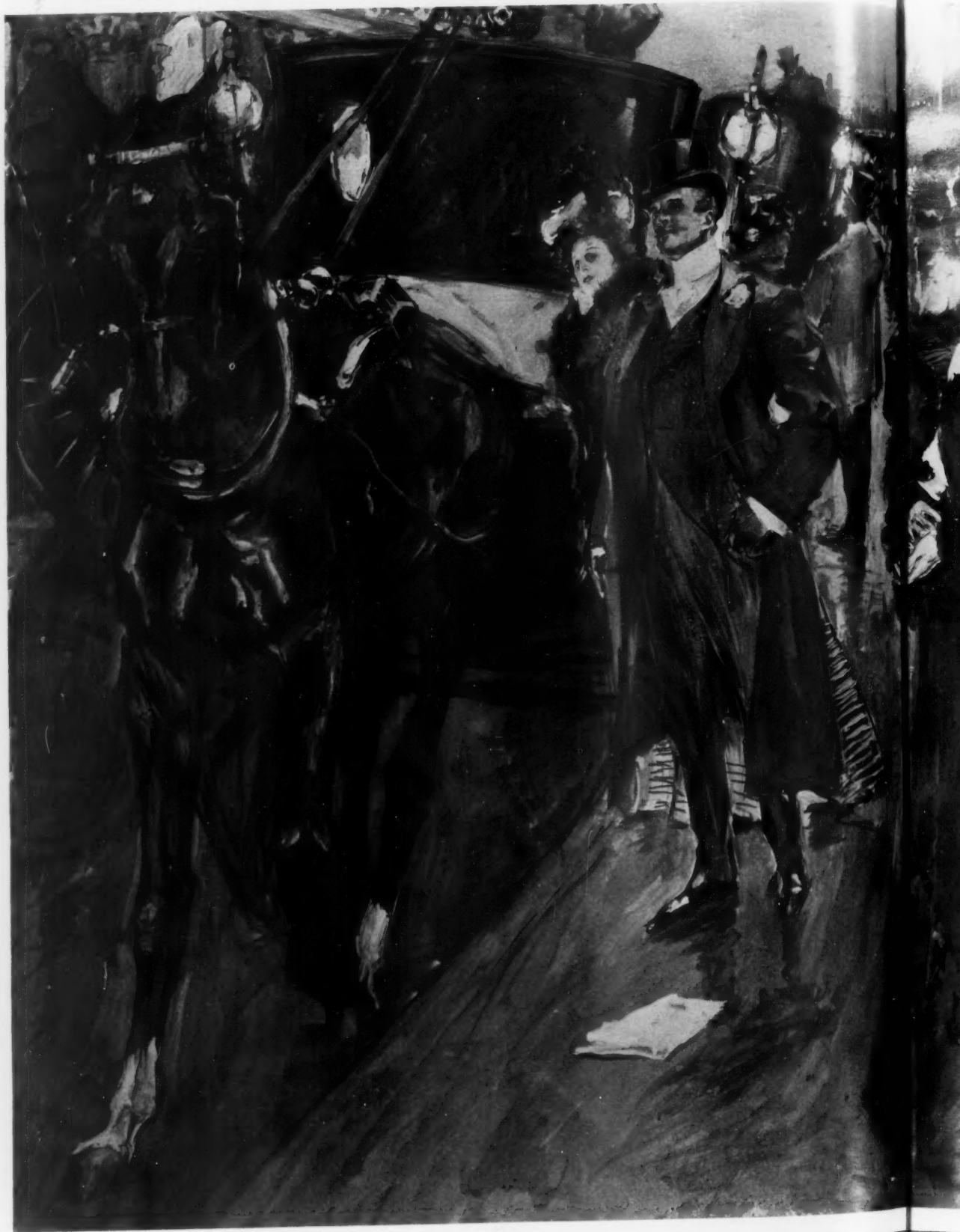
Instead of calling the new piece adapted for him by Mr. Sydney Grundy "The Three Musketeers," in true Dumas *per se* style, Mr. Tree prefers to drop the middle word of the title and call it "The Musketeers" only. Of course, although the achievement is in ten tableaux (which means nearly seven good acts) much else has to be dropped from it when considered in relation to the tempestuously improbable novel on which it is based. But "boys' thoughts," as Longfellow sings, "are long thoughts," and every adult remembers enough about his early intralliments by this Dumasian masterpiece of mingled absurdity and genius to supply with recollection whatever gaps in the narrative its dramatized form may reveal. The gaps, it should promptly be stated, are both numerous and enormous. But this, of course, was a necessity, and Mr. Grundy has flung across them little airy bridges of sequence which, if not always based on pediments of the probable, still

permit it fairly well to cross from scene to scene, from situation to situation. I do not know if he be a pauper or a millionaire, but it is evident that in his "Musketeers" he has produced something which savors very decidedly of pot-boiling. After all, he has boiled his pot with considerable effectiveness. Its contents breathe the aroma of wild adventure, brazen intrigue, childish seventeenth-century dueling, and high-flown chivalry. The whole thing is a mere "show piece," a melodrama appealing to that new taste for theatrical somersault which excites the unthinking mob. D'Artagnan, the intrepid worker of miracles both with sword and steed, is of course in perpetual evidence, and it need scarcely be added that D'Artagnan is Mr. Tree. He has what is called a "fat part," and he fills it acceptably. He does not fill it, however, in the scintillating and prismatic style which it requires, and he plainly endeavors to clothe it with a sort of gentle realism which it sometimes painfully revolts. D'Artagnan, in the hands of such an actor as Fechter, would have teemed with electric strength. He would have made us forgive all the "bow-wow" nonsense of the play, just as he made us forgive that of "Monte Cristo." And since this is the era of Mr. Kipling and other worshippers of the up-to-date sensational, we cannot feel that we are uncharitable in asking that pyrotechnic things should be done in the right flashing and coruscating manner. Mr. Tree, a powerful actor at his best, carries it all off as though he were thinking of some personation, more satisfactorily subtle, which he has just been conning in manuscript amid the privacies of his dressing-room. He can do subtle things well, but he now makes it apparent that he cannot do extravagantly buoyant things well. He does not inform D'Artagnan with *maladresse*, but he informs him with a prefatory repose which results in a fatally palpable hint to his wiser observers that he would much rather be at work on something else. Nevertheless, "The Musketeers" packs "Her Majesty's" nightly. Mrs. Tree, who for some reason has succeeded Mrs. Brown-Potter (as they call her here) in the rendition of "Miladi," is wholly unsuited to the vengeful criminality which she is called upon to represent, and neither Athos, Porthos nor Aramis gives you a memorial thrill. Miss Lily Hanbury, as Anne of Austria, both acts and looks the Queen with surpassing sweetness and elegance. She is a woman of wonderful beauty, endowed by nature with a loveliness at once feminine and stately. If she were a great actress you feel that she might spoil all. Too accentuated a histrionism would mar the enchanting curves of her face and figure. Merely to watch her move about the stage suffices, and the exquisite melody of her voice, aiding the perfection of her image, harmonizes with it also, like the notes of flutes issuing from trellised roses. If the play were only as lovely as this lady, far more than a Lily in name, it would be "her Majesty's" indeed!

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON

Now and then, at the Lyceum, we are imparadised with matinees of the drama according to Maeterlinck—or supposed to be. "Pelleas and Melisande" is the present medium through which Mr. Forbes Robertson acquaints London with the Belgian Shakespeare's powers. I failed, the other afternoon, to find an overflowing house. The audience, as regarded enthusiasm, was not overflowing, either. Indeed it struck one as decidedly apathetic. Perhaps it held the play so sacrosanct in towering splendor of conception that applause seemed an impiety. I confess that to me it certainly did. There are thirteen people in the cast—an ominous number—and of these only four have anything at all important either to do or say. They are Golaud, a prince of some "symbolic" country, not known to geography, Yuilod, his son by a former marriage, Pelleas, his younger brother, and Melisande, his wife, a creature of tender age and astonishing innocence. When Golaud is not "hunting in the forest," Melisande, who has nothing to do except wear several very pretty dresses and roam about an ancient castle, carries on a kind of infantile flirtation with Pelleas. Golaud "suspects" them, in the most conventional way, and tries to make his little son testify to their guilt. Failing in this rather shabby mode of discovery, he hunts more in the forest, and leaves the two poor harmless lovers to pose before one another in "stained-glass attitudes." Finally Pelleas puts on a long cloak and tells Melisande that he is "going away"—a sentiment which surely deserved to waken the audience from its torpor, yet somehow did not—and that she will "neva—neva see him again." She does, however, for they meet at night outside the castle gates, and prattle and attitudinize for so long a time that they are suddenly surprised to hear the gates close in clanging style—a circumstance which did not appear at all to surprise their spectators. Then they discover that Golaud is watching them behind a tree off in the wing, and they mutually agree that he is going to kill them. He then appears with a drawn sword and makes quick work of his brother, who hasn't any sword, and who, as you feel firmly convinced, wouldn't have used one if he had had twenty, he is so appalling a young imbecile. Melisande "flies," just as the curtain is going down on the fourth act, and occupies the entire fifth in dying, to some "special" music (very charming music it is, too) composed by M. Gabriel Faure. Her husband has dealt her, we are enlightened, only "a tiny little wound which wouldn't hurt a pigeon." She doesn't die of that, but of childbirth, and she is a perfectly unerring wife. She has kissed Pelleas only once (unless she formerly kissed and didn't tell, which we are given every reason to doubt) and that osculatory act was performed in full view of the audience, just before the rather comic butchery of her brother-in-law.

(Continued on page 17)



AFTER THE

A FAMILIAR SCENE IN FRONT OF NEW YORK

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY



THE MATINEE

OF NEW YORK PLAY-HOUSES ON "MATINEE DAY"

COLLIER'S WEEKLY A. B. WENZELL

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THE GIVEN CASE

BY HENRY JAMES

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT HERTER



RS. GORTON has come in?"
"No, miss; but Mrs. Despard is here. She said she'd wait for you."

"Then I'm not at home to any one." Margaret Hamer went straight upstairs and found her visitor in the smaller drawing-room, not seated, erect before the fireplace, and with the air of

having for some time restlessly paced and turned. Mrs. Despard hailed her with an instant cry.

"It has come at last!"

"Do you mean you've seen your husband?"

"He dropped on me to-day—out of the blue. He came in just before luncheon. If the house is his own—!" And Mrs. Despard, who, as with the first relief to her impatience, had flung herself, to emphasize her announcement, on the sofa, gave a long, somber sigh.

"If the house is his own he can come when he likes?" Standing before her and looking grave and tired, Margaret Hamer showed interest, but kept expression down. "And yet you were so sure," she continued, "that he wouldn't come!"

"I wasn't sure—I see now I wasn't; I only tried to convince myself. I knew—at the back of my head—that he probably *was* in England; I felt in all my bones—six weeks ago, you know—that he would really have returned, and, in his own infamous, underhand way, would be somewhere looking out. He told me to-day about ninety distinct lies. I don't know how he has kept so dark, but he has been at one of the kind of places he likes—some tenth-rate watering-place."

Margaret waited a moment. "With any one?"

"I don't know. I don't care." This time, for emphasis, Mrs. Despard jumped up, and, wandering, like a caged creature, to a distance, stopped before a glass and gave a touch or two to the position of her hat. "It makes no difference. Nothing makes any."

Her friend, across the room, looked at her with a certain blankness. "Of what does he accuse you?"

"Of nothing whatever," said Mrs. Despard, turning round. "Not of the least little thing," she pursued, coming back.

"Then he made no scene?"

"No—it was too awful."

Again the girl faltered. "Do you mean he was—?"

"I mean he was dreadful. I mean I can't bear it."

"Does he want to come back?"

"Immediately and forever. 'Beginning afresh,' he calls it. Fancy," the poor woman cried, rueful and wide-eyed, as with a vision of more things than she could name—"fancy beginning afresh!" Once more, in her fidget, appalled, she sank into the nearest seat.

This image of a recommencement had just then, for both ladies, in all the circumstances, a force that filled the room—that seemed, for a little, fairly to make a hush. "But if he can't oblige you?" Margaret presently returned.

Mrs. Despard sat somber. "He *can* oblige me."

"Do you mean by law?"

"Oh," she wailed, "I mean by everything! By my

having been the fool—!" She dropped to her intolerable sense of it.

Margaret watched her an instant. "Oh, if you say it of yourself!"

Mrs. Despard gave one of her springs. "And don't you say it?"

Margaret met her eyes, but changed color. "Say it of you?"

"Say it of yourself."

They fixed each other a while; it was deep—it was even hard. "Yes," said the girl at last. But she turned away.

Her companion's eyes followed her as she moved; then Mrs. Despard broke out. "Do you mean you're not going to keep faith?"

"What faith do you call faith?"

"You know perfectly what I call faith for you, and in how little doubt, from the first, I've left you about it!"

This reply had been sharp enough to jerk the speaker for a moment, as by the toss of her head, out of her woe, but Margaret met it at first only by showing her again a face that enjoined patience and pity. They continued to look indeed, each out of her peculiar distress, more things than they found words for. "I don't know," Margaret Hamer finally said. "I have time—I've a little; I've more than you—that's what makes me so sorry for you. I've been very possibly the direst idiot—I'll admit anything you like; though I won't pretend I see now how it could have been different. It couldn't—it couldn't. I don't know, I don't know," she wearily, mechanically repeated. There was something in her that had surrendered by this time all the importance of her personal question; she wished to keep it back or to get rid of it. "Don't, at any rate, think one is selfish and all taken up. I'm perfectly quiet—it's only about you I'm nervous. You're worse than I, dear," she added with a dim smile.

But Mrs. Despard took it more than gravely. "Worse?"

"I mean you've more to think of. And perhaps even he's worse."

Mrs. Despard thought again. "He's terrible."

Her companion hesitated—she had perhaps mistaken the allusion. "I don't mean your husband."

Mrs. Despard *had* mistaken the allusion, but she carried it off. "Mr. Reeve is terrible. It's more than I deserve."

"Well, he really cares. There it is."

"Yes, there it is!" Mrs. Despard echoed. "And much that helps me!"

They hovered about, but shifting their relation now and each keeping something back. "When are you to see him again?" Margaret asked.

This time Mrs. Despard knew whom she meant. "Never—never again. What I may feel for him—what I may feel for myself—has nothing to do with it. Never as long as I live!" Margaret's visitor declared. "You don't believe it?" she, however, the next moment demanded.

"I don't believe it. You know how I've always liked him. But what has *that* to do with it either?" the girl almost incoherently continued. "I don't believe it—no," she repeated. "I don't want to make anything harder for you, but you won't find it so easy."

"I shan't find anything easy, and I must row my own

boat. But not seeing him will be the least impossibility."

Margaret looked away. "Well!"—she spoke at last vaguely and conclusively.

Something in her tone so arrested her friend that she found herself suddenly clutched by the arm. "Do you mean to say you'll see Mr. Mackern?"

"I don't know."

"Then I do!" Mrs. Despard pronounced with energy. "You're lost."

"Ah!" wailed Margaret with the same wan detachment.

"Yes, simply lost!" It rang out—would have rung out indeed too loud had it not caught itself just in time. Mrs. Gorton at that moment opened the door.

VI

MRS. DESPARD at last came down—he had been sure it would be but a question of time. Barton Reeve had, to this end, presented himself, on the Sunday morning, early: he had allowed a margin for difficulty. He was armed with a note of three lines, which, on the butler's saying to him that she was not at home, he simply, in a tone before which even a butler prompted and primed must quail, requested him to carry straight up. Then unannounced and unaccompanied, not knowing in the least whom he should find, he had taken, for the hundredth time in four months, his quick course to the drawing-room, where emptiness, as it proved, reigned, but where, notwithstanding, he felt, at the end of an hour, rather more than less in possession. To express it, to put it to her, to put it to any one, would perhaps have been vain and vulgar; but the whole assurance on which he had proceeded was his sense that, on the spot, he had, to a certain point, an effect. He was enough on the spot from the moment she knew he was, and she would know it—know it by divination, as she had often before shown how extraordinarily she knew things—even if that pompous ass had not sent up his note. To what point his effect would prevail in the face of the biggest obstacle he had yet had to deal with was exactly what he had come to find out. It was enough, to begin with, that he did, after a weary wait, draw her—draw her in spite of everything: he felt that as he at last heard her hand on the door-knob. He heard it indeed pause as well as move—pause while he himself kept perfectly still. During this minute, it must be added, he looked straight at the ugliest of the whole mingled row of possibilities. Something had yielded—yes; but what had yielded was quite most probably not her softness. It might well be her hardness. Her hardness was her love of the sight of her own effect.

Dressed for church, though it was now much too late, she was more breathless than he had ever seen her; in spite of which, beginning immediately, he gave her not a moment. "I make a scandal, your letter tells me—I make it, you say, even before the servants, whom you appear to have taken in the most extraordinary way into your confidence. You greatly exaggerate—but even suppose I do: let me assure you frankly that I care not one rap. What you've done you've done, and I'm here in spite of your letter—and in spite of anything, of everything, any one else may say—on the perfectly solid ground of your having irretrievably done

it. "Don't talk to me," Reeve went on, "about your husband and new complications: to do that now is horribly unworthy of you and quite the sort of thing that adds—well, you know what—to injury. There isn't a single complication that there hasn't always been and that we haven't, on the whole, completely mastered and put in its place. There was nothing in your husband that prevented, from the first hour we met, your showing yourself, and every one else you chose, what you could do with me. What you could do you did systematically and without a scruple—without a pang of real compunction or a movement of real retreat."

Mrs. Despard had not come down unprepared, and her impenetrable face now announced it. She was even strong enough to speak softly—not to meet anger with anger. Yet she was also clearly on her defense. "If I was kind to you—if I had the frankness and confidence to let it be seen I liked you—it's because I thought I was safe."

"Safe?" Barton Reeve echoed. "Yes, I've no doubt you did! And how safe did you think I was? Can't you give me some account of the attention you gave to that?" She looked at him without reply to his challenge, but the full beauty of her silent face had only, as in two or three still throbs, to come out, to affect him suddenly with all the force of a check. The plea of her deep, pathetic eyes took the place of the admis-

ment, "We must thank God," she said, "it isn't worse. My husband's here," she added with a sufficient strangeness of effect.

But Barton Reeve accepted the mere fact as relevant.

"Do you mean he's in the house?"

"Not at this moment. He's on the river—for the day. But he comes back to-morrow."

"And he has been here since Friday?" She was silent, on this, so long that her visitor continued: "It's none of my business?"

Again she hesitated, but at last she replied. "Since Friday."

"And you hate him as much as ever?"

This time she spoke out. "More."

Reeve made, with a sound irrepressible and scarce articulate, a motion that was a sort of dash at her.

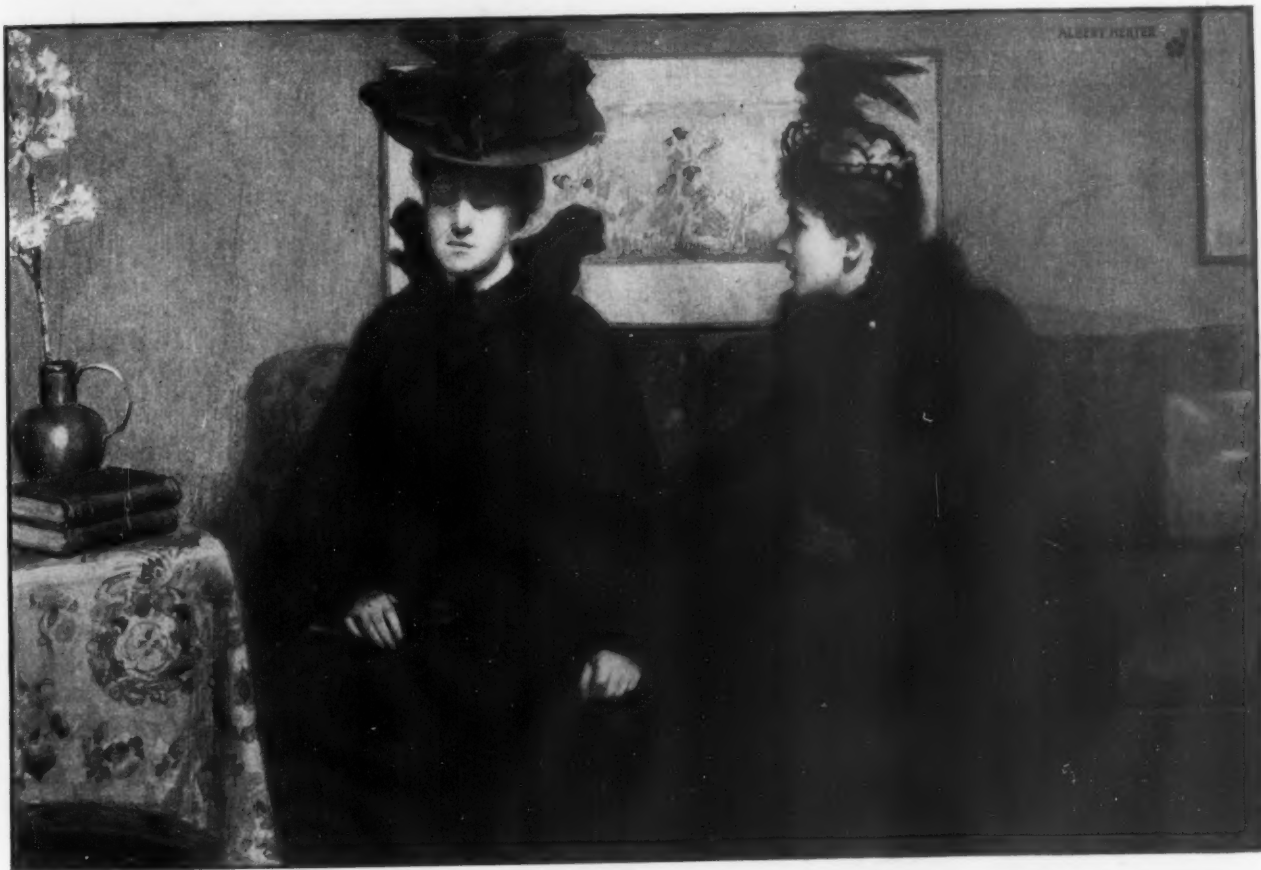
"Ah, my own own!"

But she retreated straight before him, checking him with a gesture of horror, her first outbreak of emotion.

"Don't touch me!" He turned, after a minute, away; then, like a man dazed, looked, without sight, about for something. It proved to be his hat, which he presently went and took up. "Don't talk, don't talk—you're not in it!" she continued. "You speak of 'paying,' but it's I who pay."

He reached the door, and, having opened it, stood with his hand on the knob and his eyes on her face. She was far away, at the most distant of

was on her way back to town to keep. Margaret Hamer had gone home, precipitately—to Devonshire—five days before, the day after her last interview with Mrs. Despard; on which had ensued, with the young man, whom she had left London without seeing, a correspondence resulting in her present return. She had forbidden him, in spite of his insistence, either to come down to her at her mother's or to be at Paddington to meet her, and had finally, arriving from these places, but just alighted in Manchester Square, where, while he awaited her, Mackern's restless measurement of the empty drawing-room had much in common with the agitation to which, in a similar place, his friend Barton Reeve had already been condemned. Mrs. Gorton, emerging from a deeper retreat, had at last, though not out of compassion, conferred on him her company; she left him, from the first instant, in no-doubt of the spirit in which she approached him. Margaret was at last almost indecently there, Margaret was upstairs, Margaret was coming down; but he would render the whole family an inestimable service by quietly taking up his hat and departing without speech of her. Philip Mackern, whose interest in this young lady was in no degree whatever an interest in other persons connected with her, only transferred his hat from the piano to the window-seat and put it, kindly, to Mrs. Gorton that such a departure would be, if the girl had come to take leave



"DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KEEP FAITH?"

sion that his passion vainly desired to impose upon her. They broke his resentment down; all his tenderness welled up with the change; it came out in supplication. "I can't look at you and believe any ill of you. I feel for you everything I ever felt, and that we're committed to each other by a power that not even death can break. How can you look at me and not know to what depths I'm yours? You've the noblest, sweetest chance that ever a woman had!"

She waited a little, and the firmness in her face, the intensity of her effort to possess herself, settled into exaltation, at the same time that she might have struck a spectator as staring at some object of fear. "I see my chance—I see it; but I don't see it as you see it. You must forgive me. My chance is not *that* chance. It has come to me—God knows why!—but in the hardest way of all. I made a great mistake—I recognize it."

"So I must pay for it?" Barton Reeve asked.

She continued to look at him with her protected dread.

"We both did—so we must both pay."

"Both? I beg your pardon," said the young man: "I utterly deny it—I made no mistake whatever. I'm just where I was—and everything else is. Everything but you!"

She looked away from him, but going on as if she had not heard him. "We must do our duty—when once we see it. I didn't know—I didn't understand. But now I do. It's when one's eyes are opened—that the wrong is wrong." Not as a lesson got by heart, not as a trick rehearsed in her room, but delicately, beautifully, step by step, she made it out for herself—and for him so far as he would take it. "I can only follow the highest line." Then, after faltering a mo-

ment, "I shall never care for any one again," she kept on.

Reeve had dropped to something deeper than resentment; more abysmal, even, it seemed to him, than renunciation or despair. But he only, slowly, shook his helpless head at her. "I've no words for you."

"It doesn't matter. Don't think of me."

He was closing the door behind him, but, still hearing her voice, kept it an instant. "I'm all right!"—that was the last that came to him as he drew the door to.

VII

"I ONLY speak of the given case," Philip Mackern said; "that's the only thing I have to do with, and on what I've expressed to you of the situation it has made for me I don't yield an inch."

Mrs. Gorton, to whom, in her own house, he had thus, in defense, addressed himself, was in a flood of tears which rolled, however, in their current not a few hard grains of asperity. "You're *always* speaking of it, and it acts on my nerves, and I don't know what you mean by it, and I don't care, and I think you're horrible. The case is like any other case that can be mended if people will behave decently."

Philip Mackern moved slowly about the room; impatience and suspense were in every step he took, but he evidently had himself well in hand, and he met his hostess with studied indulgence. She had made her appearance, in advance, to prepare him for her sister, who had agreed by letter to see him, but who, through a detention on the line, which she had wired from Bath to explain, had been made late for the appointment she

of him, a brutality, and, if she had come to do anything else, an imbecility. His inward attitude was that his interlocutress was an insufferable busybody: he took his stand, he considered, upon admirable facts; Margaret Hamer's age and his own—twenty-six and thirty-two—her independence, her intelligence, his career, his prospects, his general and his particular situation, his income, his extraordinary merit, and perhaps even his personal appearance. He left his sentiments, in this private estimate, out of account—he was almost too proud to mention them even to himself. Yet he found, after the first moment, that he had to mention them to Mrs. Gorton.

"I don't know what you mean," he said, "by my 'always' speaking of anything whatever that's between your sister and me; for I must remind you that this is the third time, at most, that we've had any talk of the matter. If I did, however, touch, to you, last month, on what I hold that a woman is, in certain circumstances—circumstances that, mind you, would never have existed without her encouragement, her surrender—bound in honor to do, it was because you yourself, though I daresay you didn't know with what realities you were dealing, called my attention precisely to the fact of the 'given case.' It isn't always, it isn't often, given, perhaps—but when it is one knows it. And it's given now if it ever was in the world," Mackern still, with his suppression of violence, but with an emphasis the more distinct for its peculiar amenity, declared as he resumed his pacing.

Mrs. Gorton watched him a moment through such traces of tears as still resisted the extreme freedom of her pocket-handkerchief. "Admit then as much as



"HE TRUSTED ME. HE TRUSTED ME," SHE REPEATED

you like that you've been a pair of fools and criminals"—the poor woman went far: "what business in the world have you to put the whole responsibility on her?"

Mackern pulled up short; nothing could exceed the benevolence of his surprise. "On her? Why, don't I absolutely take an equal share of it?"

"Equal? Not a bit! You're not engaged to any one else."

"Oh, thank heaven, no!" said Philip Mackern with a laugh of questionable discretion and instant effect.

His companion's cheek assumed a deeper hue and her eyes a drier light. "You cause her to be outrageously talked about, and then have the assurance to come and prate to us of 'honor'!"

Mackern turned away again—again he measured his cage. "What is there I'm not ready to make good?"—and he gave, as he passed, a hard, anxious smile.

Mrs. Gorton said nothing for a moment; then she spoke with an accumulation of dignity. "I think you both—if you want to know—absolutely improper persons, and if I had had my wits about me I would have declined, in time, to lend my house again to any traffic that might take place between you. But you're hatefully here, to my shame, and the wretched creature, whom I myself got off, has come up, and the fat's in the fire, and it's too late to prevent it. It's not too late, however, just to say this: that if you've come, and if you intend, to bully and browbeat her—"

"Well?" Philip Mackern asked.

She had faltered and paused, and the next moment he saw why. The door had opened without his hearing it—Margaret Hamer stood and looked at them. He made no movement; he only, after a minute, held her eyes long enough to fortify him, as it were, in his attempted intensity of stillness. He felt already as if some process, something complex and exquisite, were going on that a sound, that a gesture might spoil. But his challenge to Mrs. Gorton was still in the air, and she apparently, on her vision of her sister, had seen something pass. She fixed the girl and she fixed Mac-

kern; then, highly flushed and moving to the door, she answered him. "Why, you're a brute and a coward!" With which she banged the door behind her.

The way the others met without speech or touch was extraordinary, and still more singular perhaps the things that, in their silence, Philip Mackern thought. There was no freedom of appeal for him—he instantly felt that; there was neither burden nor need. He wondered Margaret didn't notice, in some way, what Mrs. Gorton had said; there was a strangeness in her not, on one side or the other, taking that up. There was a strangeness as well, he was perfectly aware, in his finding himself surprised and even, for ten seconds, as it happened, mercilessly disappointed, at her not looking quite so "badly" as her encounter with a grave crisis might have been entitled to present her. She looked beautiful, perversely beautiful: he couldn't indeed have said just how directly his presumption of visible ravage was to have treated her handsome head. Meanwhile, as she carried this handsome head—in a manner he had never quite seen her carry it before—to the window and stood looking blindly out, there deepened in him almost to quick anguish the fear even of breathing upon the hour they had reached. That she had come back to him, to whatever end, was somehow in itself so divine a thing that lips and hands were gross to deal with it. What, moreover, in the extremity of a man's want, had he not already said? They were simply shut up there with their moment, and he, at least, felt it throb and throb in the hush.

At last she turned round. "He will never, never understand that I can have been so base."

Mackern awkwardly demurred. "Base?"

"Letting you, from the first, make, to me, such a difference."

"I don't think you could help it." He was still awkward.

"How can he believe that? How can he admit it?"

She asked it too wofully to expect a reply, but the young man thought a moment. "You can't look to

me to speak for him"—he said it as feeling his way and without a smile. "He should have looked out for himself."

"He trusted me. He trusted me," she repeated.

"So did I—so did I."

"Yes. Yes." She looked straight at him, as if tasting all her bitterness. "But I pity him so that it kills me!"

"And only him?"—and Philip Mackern came nearer. "It's perfectly simple," he went on. "I'll abide by that measure. It shall be the one you pity most."

She kept her eyes on him till she burst into tears. "Pity me—pity me!"

He drew her to him and held her close and long, and even at that high moment it was perhaps the deepest thing in his gratitude that he did pity her.

THE END

TO A DEAR INCONSTANT

As still amid the flux of things

And purposeless gray happenings,

Some force subsists that makes for Beauty,

And something through the chaos sings,

So 'mid your fevered flutterings,

Or airy flights on proud-poised wings,

Some wistful instinct gropes for Duty,

And still o'er all your vagrant moods,

Love, like a clouded heaven, broods.

Dear, trust the still, small voice, distrust

The fawning court of lesser selves,

The tricky swarm of sprites and elves,

Informed with sly usurping lust

To drag the central "you" to dust,

And render mute the sovereign "must,"

That sends them scurrying to their delves.

Let their gay friskings serve to grace thy reign,

But be thou Queen by work and love and pain.

I. ZANGWILL

LONDON PLAYERS IN LONDON
PLAYS

(Continued from page 11)

Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Melisande looks bewitching in her sixteenth-century gowns, and would do better with even so babyish a part if she did not affect too often the voice and manner of Miss Ellen Terry. As Pollock Mr. Martin Harvey shows intelligence—a quality which he might with perfect safety have omitted. As for Mr. Forbes Robertson, his Golaud is entirely too sane, manful and dramatic. He has not, I am sure, proved acceptable to the Maeterlinckomaniacs of London. He does not talk and act "dreamily" enough; for when you presume to "interpret" the Belgian Shakespeare you must do it as though you were walking in your sleep, on a stage nearly always dimly illumined, and to a house constantly shrouded in inky darkness. As I have said, the entire play was sat through in dead silence. Nothing caused a laugh, nothing produced the faintest show of enthusiasm. There may have been tears shed, but if so they welled furtively and covertly from revering eyes. I did not perceive, however, a single such aqueous display.

THE KENDALS

"What is the matter?" my friend asked me, in the pretty St. James's Theatre last night. "This fellow next me," I whispered, "is digging his big shoulder into my knee." My friend and I had rejoiced in having secured aisle seats (gangway seats they sometimes call them, here in London), but so great is the popularity of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's new play that the crowd surges everywhere, and people use the steps of passages like benches. In America Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's methods are now widely known. They might be defined as gentility plus ability. This agreeable pair may sometimes disappoint you, but they seldom offend. When they do, it is usually (as in the case of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray") because their lines are cast in passionate places rather than in pleasant ones. Passion is something that they often manage ill, and chiefly because it is not usually graceful. Grace is their obvious preference. They have begun to grow old, and they do so gracefully—yet with wisdom as well. They have selected, in other words, a play whose two most prominent characters are adorned, rather than marred, by delicate autumnal touches.

"The Elder Miss Blossom," it cannot be gainsaid, is an extremely artificial play. To disclose its argument is to reveal this fact. Mr. Andrew Quick, a naturalist of some fame, has suddenly been called to join an expedition which starts for certain islands of the Pacific, where no tidings from England can reach him during a period of three years. Just before going, he writes an offer of marriage to Miss Sophia Blossom, a young and comely damsel, but her aunt (through an error which is quite neatly explained) receives this letter, believes it meant for herself, and answers it with an acceptance. Quick is away three years and returns at the opening of the play to find that the "elder Miss Blossom" has been ensnaring, through all this interval, his image in her somewhat mature bosom. Mrs. Kendal takes the part of this unintentionally duped spinster, and her misery (which ends in matrimonial sunshine at last) is a source of acute interest to packed audiences. But it is misery, to the more critical sense, of spurious origin and brittle texture. So slight has been her acquaintance with Quick that the returned anthropologist does not even know her when they meet. He has wanted to marry her winning little niece, and while shocked at the thought of how calamitous a blunder he has made, shapes in his terrified fancy the image of some irate old lady with whom he must deal on terms of the most piercing embarrassment. No sooner, therefore, do we attempt to examine the sorrows of Mrs. Kendal as Dorothy Blossom than we perceive their poignancy to be of the mildest. They mean a wound to her self-esteem, and a blow to her ambition, but beyond these they do not enter into even the province of pathos; nor would they do so at all if the woman to whom they occur were not painted as good and unselfish. One need not glance at the names of the authors on the playbill to suspect that this is a drama adapted from the French, and that while Ernest Hendrie is the originator of it over across the Channel, Mr. Metcalfe Wood is the person who has de-Gallicized it for a British public. British in parts he has certainly made it, and once or twice with the most tedious results. For example, he has put into it a golf-playing parson, and caused us to feel, as a consequence, like flying from the theatre out of sheer fatigue. It is only to be hoped that this particular golf-playing parson has measured the height, breadth and depth of inanity in all similar roles for all future time, and that he will not return to torment us behind the footlights of other playhouses. What makes me care less for "The Elder Miss Blossom" than I otherwise might, is that very suspicion of its being a French skeleton re-fleshed a l'Anglaise. No wonder, I tell myself, that drama-lovers rush in despair to the clumsy lawlessness of Ibsen when finesse and ingenuity of handling so often affront rather than gratify their native good-taste. It is only too possible for a play to possess an overplus of "construction," much as that quality has been vaunted. Such, decidedly, is the case with "The Elder Miss Blossom." It is founded upon artifice rather than art, and from beginning to end it is of artifice artificial. People hold conversations with one another in which mutual misunderstanding is strained to a tension quite absurd. The ice of *equivogue* becomes, now and then, deplorably thin. You realize that it would never bear real human beings with actual avoidroids. The play has another fault for which perfunctory trickeries of stagecraft are alone blamable. The self-believed *future* of Quick is discovered, so to speak, and almost at the rise of the curtain, in course of making her bridal purchases, while she is also receiving wedding-gifts from various friends. And yet Quick,

the middle-aged sweetheart for whom she has believed herself to have waited for three years, has not arrived in England, though at almost any hour expected there. Of course, to make the mistaken lady's position still sadder, this device of immediate marriage is introduced. But it sounds a note of curious triviality. Her so-called lover, having just stepped off his ship, enters an apartment littered with nuptial presents. This lover, *Andrew Quick, F.R.S.*, is impersonated by Mr. Kendal, as I need hardly say. He plays the part with intelligent correctness, but not a touch of creative strength. The monotony of his voice has not diminished since he was last seen in America, but neither have the polish and ease of his bearing. What he does looks easy to do until one tries to do it himself. He is a drawing-room actor, but how few good drawing-room actors exist at all! With such actors the real art is to conceal art. It might be said of Mr. Kendal that he plays at his best very much as Anthony Trollope wrote at his best—with a simplicity so direct yet cunning that effort betrays no sign. He is sometimes deficient in distinction, but seldom in felicity; and while it is always a far cry between himself and flat failure, his "brilliant" occasions are too often matters of incalculable chance. Brilliance, indeed, is not in the accepted line of either Mr. Kendal or his accomplished wife. The latter, as every one knows, was the sister of Tom Robertson, a man who gave the name "Robertsonian" to pieces of that idyllic or at least untheatrical description (such as "Caste," "School," "Ours," etc.) which are still well remembered in spite of their departed vogue. As "Madge Robertson," Mrs. Kendal floated securely with the mid-current of an earlier approbation. Her triumphs, and Mr. Kendal's as well, are mainly of the past. They were never so good as when they did the things that play-goers once liked far better than they like them now—things in which repose and repression were the dominant traits of their presentations, and whereof it was an everyday source of praise to them that they should so successfully "hold themselves in" when other actors, given the same texts, would have gushed, if not ranted outright. They do not have to hold themselves in any more. That process has doubtless assumed for them lines necessitous rather than traditional. Supposably enough, in Shakespearean phrase, their "blood is tume, it's humble, and waits upon the judgment." Very admirable judgment they disclose, too. Hardly that, however, in the selection of their play. Its fundamental idea, old in farce, is relatively new in more serious exploitation. But it is not really new, for Browning used it years ago when he wrote "In a Balcony," one of the few thoroughly fine poems on which rests his peculiar fame. Who that admires him will fail to recall his pungent dramatic sketch, where the Queen, believing that *Norbert* is daring to ask for her own royal hand, discovers that it is the hand of *Constance*, her lady of honor, which this presumptuous yet secretly loved courtier has ventured to solicit? The whole of "The Elder Miss Blossom" is to be found there, turned, twisted, modernized, decorated with a good deal of tinsel "comedy," and spun out into three long acts, which are often sadly unattractive when surveyed as portraits of life, which now and then drag with a leaden slowness, and which possess the fault of almost fatally pointing to an obvious climax.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



THE DRAMA

AFTER two postponements, "The Sorrows of Satan," a dramatization of a well-known novel by Miss Marie Corelli, was finally produced at the Broadway Theatre. The occasion was so curious that I almost felt repaid for having stayed in town, on the night before Christmas, in order to be present. The audience seemed wholly different from any first-night audience I had ever seen. Of course, the usual critics were there—disgruntled like myself, I suppose, at being obliged to work on such a night; but the other spectators consisted very largely of freakish-looking women with masses of brilliant hair and with intense complexions, either very white or very red, and of corpulent men who rolled in their seats and had the air of wondering why they hadn't gone to Weber & Fields'. "Paper," as theatrical people say, was written all over the house, on the faces of the people as well as on the empty patches here and there that had the effect of making the atmosphere chilly.

It may have been the impression given by the audience that made me think we were in for an evening of disaster. At any rate, this impression was deepened by the persistent winking of a cluster of electric lights during the second scene of the first act. Let me hasten to say that I was mistaken. After that misdeed, the electricity behaved with promptness and propriety, and, on the whole, the stage-settings were very well managed. To be sure, there were three changes of scene intended to be made while the stage was darkened, but really made in pretty easy sight of the audience. Far from being offended, however, I, for one, felt that this was an added interest; it made me realize how difficult those swift changes must be and how skillful the scene-shifter must be to make them so effectually. During the four acts we had seven scenes, all of them, with the exception of Geoffrey Tempest's humble lodgings at the start, elaborate and picturesque, and one of them, in which Satan gave a garden-party, gorgeously spectacular. During the garden-party, which was enlivened by the graceful dancing of a group of Nautch girls, decorated with electric light, a negro posed as a statue, to the admiration of every one around me, but to my own discomfort; those exhibitions of gratuitous physical endurance always make my back ache.

Now for the play. It was—well, if you have read the novel, you can easily surmise what it must have been. There are people, many people, who derive pleasure and spiritual solace from the reading of Marie Corelli; to these people, the dramatization of "The Sorrows of Satan" will, perhaps, seem a work of extraordinary powers. The programme did not say who made the dramatization; but if Miss Corelli didn't make it, the task must have been performed by some faithful follower and under her personal inspiration. In every scene, in every line, burns the mystic genius of Corelli. You feel it in the long, highfalutin moralizings, in the contemptuous references to society, and to publishers and literary critics (poor Miss Corelli!), and in the utter lack of taste and judgment and restraint shown throughout. And yet the play possesses a certain vulgar effectiveness. The theme on which it is built—the effort of Satan to redeem himself through the resistance of mankind to evil—has originality and interest. Indeed, there is genuine sublimity in the conception that it is his mission to spread evil at the cost of his own salvation. But Miss Corelli develops the theme in a manner so paltry, so cheap, so degrading, that the work often causes laughter or pity. In the first act, we find Geoffrey Tempest, the poor author, in his lodging. Here he meets Prince Lucio Rimanez, or Satan in disguise, learns that he has fallen heir to millions, and accepts the Prince's invitation to dinner. That scene will pass, but, of course, you have already thought about Faust and Mephistopheles. In the second scene, the Prince receives his friends and presents Tempest to the reigning beauty, Lady Sybil Elton, to the lovely, ingenuous authoress, Mavis Claire (you can't read the book without seeing that this is Miss Corelli herself, or rather Miss Corelli as she appears to herself), and to the type of American girl that has grown on the English stage, Diana Chesney, exaggerated beyond all reason, and, in the present instance, animated without being amusing. This scene is extremely long and stupid, and it develops nothing, save the suicide of a young gambler who has practically no connection with the drama. In the second act, we witness Geoffrey's proposal to Lady Sybil, her acceptance in spite of her growing affection for Lucio, and the garden-party already mentioned, which is very nice as a garden-party, but wholly unnecessary. The third act has a good deal of strength, as well as the merit of presenting a novel situation. Lady Sybil, infatuated to the point of insanity, hurls herself at Lucio, and, though repulsed by that Prince of Darkness, pleads pitifully for his love until she discovers that her husband has overheard her. Then she takes poison and, for a long and most tedious time, she holds the stage in death-throes. In the last act, Geoffrey, heart-broken and weary of wealth, finds himself on board the yacht of the Prince, in mid-ocean. Then he discovers for the first time who his friend really is. Lucio appears robed as Satan, and reads Geoffrey a long-winded lecture about the evils of devotion to Self. This is intended to be very sublime, and it certainly has a theatrical value. But the lecture seems so undeserved! Poor Geoffrey has behaved himself very well and, on the whole, he has been very badly treated. Satan, however, makes a good deal of his generosity in giving his victim another chance, and in the final scene we see Geoffrey lashed to a spar, and, as we may surmise, about to be picked up and restored to London and to the making of more literature of the Corelli order. The dramatization, as may readily be seen, does not fully explain itself; but the managers have remedied that fault by giving a synopsis of the story on the programme!

The piece was played uncommonly well. As the end-of-the-century Satan, Mr. John E. Kellard displayed not only exceptional resource, but a fine restraint and discrimination. His splendid physique enabled him to give to the character an air of distinction, and his performance was sustained on a high plane of excellence. As Mavis Claire, Miss Grace Filkins acted with a charming ingenuousness and grace, and Miss Mary Shaw, one of the best emotional and Shakespearean actresses that we have, to whom the difficult part of Lady Sybil had been given, played her trying scenes in the fourth act with sincerity and power. As the American girl, Miss Anna Robinson had a deserved success; she was delightfully natural in manner and full of spirit. Mr. Howell Hansel should be mentioned too, for a straightforward and manly interpretation of the character of Geoffrey Tempest.

JOHN D. BARRY.

RETURN OF PEACE COMMISSIONERS

(See Illustration on Front Page)

ON SATURDAY, December 24, the American line steamer *St. Louis* arrived in New York, having on board five gentlemen to whom was intrusted the management of a delicate mission and who have issued victorious from a cleverly fought bout of diplomatic fence. They are Judge William R. Day, Senator C. K. Davis, Senator W. P. Frye, Senator George Gray, and Whitelaw Reid. Collectively they constitute the American Peace Commission sent to Paris to negotiate with representatives of the Spanish Government. After an absence of a little more than three months, during which time they were pitted against some of the craftiest statesmen of Spain, they have returned with a most satisfactory treaty of peace. The Commissioners departed on the first train to Washington, carrying with them their very acceptable Christmas present to President McKinley. By the terms of the treaty of peace, we practically have in our own hands the disposition of Cuba and Puerto Rico and the fate of the Philippines.

The Commissioners sailed from New York on the *Campania*, September 17 last. The treaty was signed at Paris on December 10, at 8.45 P.M.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not exoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN.
Beecham's Pills taken as directed, will also quickly restore Females to complete health, as they promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system.

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or Blue all-wool genuine Clayton Beaver Cloth, 24 inches long, very full sweep, 12-inch upper cape and large storm collar, beautifully edged with fine Black Beanie Seal Fur, trimmed with one row wide and two rows narrow Mohair braid. This garment is fine tailor-made throughout and equal to capes that sell at more than double our price. Write for our free Catalogue of everything in women's and children's wear. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

ALASKA STOVE LIFTER

NICKEL PLATED.

ALWAYS COLD,

even if left in stove lid.

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TROY NICKEL WORKS, - ALBANY, N. Y.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

PARIS, Dec. 15, 1898

THE passenger wheel, which has been erected in Paris by an Anglo-American syndicate on the model of the famous Ferris implement, is now finished and revolving every day from one to eleven o'clock.

It is a size or two more tremendous than the Chicago thing was and, during daytime, almost as brutally conspicuous over the city as is that horror of horrors, the Eiffel Tower. At night, though, nothing is seen of the wheel but the huge circle of incandescent lights, and then the effect is more weird than unpleasant. This luminous arc that stands against the darkness as if nothing sustained it, looks like a supernatural sign just risen above the horizon, something strange and dangerous to the inhabitants of the earth.

Among humans the inclination to do senseless things is such, when a fee is charged for the privilege, that during the few weeks the amusement has been offered to the Parisian public the business has been extraordinarily fine. During this time more people have paid for the circular ride than have in Chicago or London during the same period.

So far no accident is reported; the machinery has performed without a single hitch of any sort. In London, as you may remember, the apparatus did not run so smoothly at first. Because of some defect or other the wheel stuck fast several times, and between the cheerful humor of some of the occupants, the frantic terror of most of them, the flurry of the managers, the feverish bustling of the engineers, and the agitations of the crowds attracted below, every time it happened there were many picturesque scenes about the place.

On one occasion especially the excitement was immense. That time the enormous cobweb of steel, after a series of strong, disquieting vibrations, suddenly stopped shortly after eight o'clock at night and refused to budge again until ten the next morning. So that six hundred people, who were riding at the time, spent all of the night and part of the next day—in all more than fourteen hours—swinging in the cars at different heights.

As a consequence of some trial suits which were brought against the amusement company each one of the six hundred prisoners received ten pounds or fifty dollars for damages. It is said that for quite a while afterward some people kept riding on speculation. But the one fine of thirty thousand dollars was such a bitter pill to the owners that they overhauled their machinery thoroughly and the London wheel has never since given more of a ride to its patrons than they had bought at the gate.

The wheel lately put up in Paris is only the first of the popular features which are going to be offered to the visitors of the coming World's Fair. There will be many others—some a great deal more startlingly original than the Ferris attraction. Recent inquiry shows, however, that some of the queerest things trumpeted have, for some reason or other, been abandoned.

For instance, the hole in the ground which was to be two miles deep, with a circular room sixty yards in diameter at every five hundred feet of its length, and which was destined to provide us with samples of underground climates at different depths, even to the tropical—or rather volcanic—heat to be found at the bottom of the shaft; that hole has been found too expensive and will never be bored.

The atrociously enormous sphere of aluminium—the sphere of goodness-knows-what radius—on which the continents were to be represented as near natural size as possible; that sphere, on second thought, has been deemed a little too large and will not be constructed.

The more-than-colossal bicycle made of two wheels, each larger than the Ferris monster—the bicycle that was to span the Exposition grounds—do you remember having been told about it? On one of its pedals was to be installed a swinging restaurant and on the other a Chinese theatre. On the upper beam of its diamond frame an observation tramway would have been running landing visitors, at one extremity near the elevators which would have lifted them inside the steering post to the promenade and toboggan-shutes arranged on the handle-bar, on the other side at the roof.

DON'T fail to procure Mrs. Winklow's SOOTHING SYRUP for your children while cutting teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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This stove is size 36x48; oven is 18x24x11; top, 18x24; height, 28 1/2. Made from best pig-iron, large flues, cut tops, heavy cut centers, heavy corners, heavy linings, with very heavy sectional fire-back, large balled ash pan, slide hearth-plate and slide oven-shelf, pouch feed, oven door kicker, heavy tiled oven door, handsome nickel trimmings on doors, front, sides, etc. Extra large, deep, porcelain-lined reservoir. Best Coal Burner made, and we furnish an extra wood grate, making it a perfect wood burner.
WE ISSUE A BINDING GUARANTEE with every stove. Your local dealer would ask at least \$20.00 for such a stove; order this and you will save at least \$8.00. The freight is only about \$1.00 for each 600 miles.
Our New Free Stove Catalogue, price list of 1899 stoves, ranges and heaters at \$1.95 and up. This NEW 800-PAGE ACME QUEEN RESERVOIR COAL STOVE CATALOGUE, one dollar with order, is a wonder of value. Order at once before our stock is sold. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Cheapest Supply House on Earth, Palmer, Des Moines and Wayman Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

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is not satisfactory it can be made so safely, quickly, lastingly, and at slight expense. Gray hair restored to original color, bleached hair to any shade, falling hair stopped, luxuriant hair produced. Booklet and particulars free. IMPERIAL CHEM. MFG. CO., Dept. No. 6, 29 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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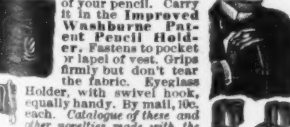
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In public halls, school houses and churches. It plays music, it laughs, it sings, it imitates perfectly the brass band, the human voice, in fact anything. A wonder as a money maker and as a home entertainer. All the latest music, either vocal or instrumental, speeches of prominent men, etc. COMPLETE OUTFIT consisting of Talking Machine with automatic spring motor, 15 musical or talking records, large illustrated advertising posters (12x18 inches), admission tickets and instruction book with advice about making engagements, securing the use of halls, etc. For \$15.25. 80 SUFFICE that a child can operate it and nothing to get out of order. Will last a lifetime. Cut this ad. out and send for catalogue of Gramophone, Records, etc., with copies of hundreds of testimonials from people who are making hundreds of dollars with our exhibition outfit. ADDRESS:
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A series of attractive and comprehensive tours under personal escort, arranged to leave New York during Dec., Jan., and Feb., visiting Gibraltar, Italy, Southern France (The Riviera), Switzerland, Paris, London, etc. Also Italy, Egypt, The Nile, Palestine, Greece, etc. All expenses \$450 up, according to tour. Telegrams and Cassette (High) sent free.
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MASON'S HEALTH DEFENDERS CURE
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Coughs and Sore Throat. 40 TABLETS FOR 10 CENTS.
Endorsed by best physicians and families. Ask for drugist, or mailed for price by
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garden occupying the saddle—a saddle-garden it should rather be called. That more-than-colossal bicycle will never be built.

The selecting of these popular features, which have so much to do with the financial success of all fairs and exhibitions, must be, for the managers, a pretty hard problem to solve. They are, perhaps, as it has been often said, the least valuable parts, intrinsically, of all that is offered to the public—the side-shows, so to speak, which are rather debasing to the whole undertaking. But their importance as advertising forces is now well demonstrated; they impinge the mind of the intending visitor with much more power than all the treasures of science and industry gathered together for his delight and instruction.

Is it not true, that in 1889, when the Paris Exposition was mentioned, the one distinct image which presented itself to most people was the Eiffel Tower? and most people desired, more violently than they did any other pleasure that could be found at the Fair, the opportunity to climb to the top of this highest of human constructions?

In 1893 the hook had been baited more generously. We were tempted to buy tickets for Chicago by the lagoons and the gondolas, by the largest wheel ever built, and, still more irresistibly, by the glamour of the Midway.

Ah, the Midway! The report of what was seen and done there tickled men's fancy, excited curiosity of women, and everywhere kindled appetites for pleasures that are foreign and different—even in the plowmen of our most remote farms.

The Midway! It was known far and wide within one week after the opening of the World's Fair. And from that time to the end it was the one preoccupation of those who planned to go, the only talk of those who had returned. It was the first place for which everybody inquired, the place where everybody took the last lingering stroll.

The Midway! The one thing remembered in the village, the one thing pleasurably alluded to in drawing-room conversations.

It is the one feature of the Fair of which the influence has remained most palpably among us. It has been copied in all the local fairs held in the United States since 1893, it is related to this day in all the concert-halls of our cities, it is still the most potent attraction of all the summer Cones where the masses, unharnessed and in quest of joy, flock on Sundays.

So far nothing very definite is known of what will constitute the most popular advertising features of the Paris Fair, except that nothing so far having proved as valuable as this bringing within the reach of all of the sensuousness of warm countries, a good deal of encouragement must be extended to the promoters of Midway business.

There is going to be a large Egyptian village which promises to put in the shade anything ever experienced in Egypt by the fortunate few who have been there.

There will also be a conglomeration of colonial settlements where, it is intimated by the managers, the real manners and customs of tropical nations will be allowed the freest sort of liberty, because, it is said, a visit through this part of the grounds should be equivalent, in every way, to a trip to the picturesque lands where flowers bloom gorgeously and maids are languorous.

Still in the same class of ethnological instruction to be furnished us may be mentioned the two Japanese flower-boats which are going to be moored on the Seine, near the Trocadero, and where real tea will be served by real Geishas who will sing, dance, and otherwise entertain their guests—just as Geishas do in Japan.

Another feature which is now being seriously considered is the creation of a bathing beach where ten thousand people at once can be dipping in genuine sea water. This scheme is not lacking in grandeur, and although an enormous amount of work and money will be required, from the standing of the men interested in it we may be reasonably sure that it will be carried out.

M. Tierpont, a well-known and highly esteemed engineer, is the author of the project of which all details, he says, have been studied carefully and found practical. Huge pumping engines will be established on the shore of the Channel, about six miles to the north of Dieppe. These engines will send, through three parallel pipe-lines, a large supply of salt water right into Paris, much as petroleum is sent traveling from one city to another in the United States. A vast lake will be dug out at Longchamps, the celebrated race-track and military maneuvering grounds of the Bois de Boulogne. The water, after having coursed through one hundred and twenty-five miles of pipes, would empty into this lake. The shores will be graded into a gentle slope; fine sand and the due proportion of tiny shells will be thickly spread on these shores as well as on the bottom.

And thus will a real sea be created for the delight and the comfort of Parisians. A miniature sea, to be sure; but, after all, bathers at the real seashore do not need the whole expanse of the ocean, nor do they ever use it.

HENRI DUMAY.

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are those where a good quality of card, having fine finish, good slip, handsome designs and excellent wearing quality is used. These qualities are all combined in the

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The Best 25 Cent Card Made.


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See That Hole?



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Samples on receipt of return postage. Ask for Vertical No. 37.

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2000 BICYCLES
surplus stock '93 models, must be sold at once below cost. High grade, any style, guaranteed. \$9.75 to \$18. Second hand wheels \$3 to \$10. Balance '91 model at your own figure. Shipped to any one on approval—no money in advance. Free use of wheel to rider agents. EARN A BICYCLE working for us. Write at once for our wonderful offer

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How to get well and how to keep well, and look well. 900 guaranteed. \$9.75 to \$18. Second hand wheels \$3 to \$10. Balance '91 model at your own figure. Shipped to any one on approval—no money in advance. Free use of wheel to rider agents. EARN A BICYCLE working for us. Write at once for our wonderful offer

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for fake affairs that will sell over the head. Don't buy any cabinet before seeing it. We send on approval.

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10,000 Cabinets sold in past 8 months by agents. Send this ad. and get FREE BOOK.

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by VESTRO. Develops the bust & lozenge, fills all hollow places, adds grace, curve and beauty to the neck; softens and clears the skin. Beautiful women everywhere owe their superior figure and matchless loveliness to Vestro. Harmless, permanent, NEVER FAILS. Every lady should have this unrivaled developer. Adds charm and attraction to plainest women. Full particulars, testimonials, etc., sealed for two cent stamp.

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To close out our stock we send by mail 70 pieces, full sheet music size, all parts complete, all for 20c. or 4 lots 30c. Money back if not suited. HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN, and 100 Songs with Music, 3 cents.

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\$4.95 Buys an All-Wool Suit
OF BEAUTIFUL BLACK CHEVIOT Warranted fast black color. We'll make the suit in the latest style to fit perfect, line it with rich heavy Farmer's satin; pipe it with fine satin and sew it with pure silk and linen thread. In quality, style and looks it will equal the \$10 suit sold by clothiers.

WE SELL 1000 suits at \$4.95 for advertising purposes. After they're gone price goes back to \$5.00. No more at \$4.95 after 1000 are sold. Order quick or they may be gone. You can't afford to miss this chance.

SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. a new suit FREE for any of these suits weight, chest, waist and crotch measurement. We'll express the suit C. O. D. and allow you to examine and try it before you pay one cent. If just as represented and wonderful value, pay the express agent \$4.95 and expressage and take the suit. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory. We make other suits from \$5.95 to \$12.50. Write for free samples of cloth. **THE LOUIS N. VEHON CO.,** 155-157 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.



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OUR LARGE '99 POULTRY GUIDE FREE. Something entirely new; largest book out. Worth \$25. to anyone; tell all about poultry; how to be a winner; how to MAKE BIG MONEY with eggs or stock for market or fancy. Send for mailing and postage.

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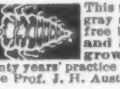
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NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB TEAM—CHAMPIONS "AMATEUR HOCKEY LEAGUE" 1897-98

ANNOUNCEMENT

Beginning with the present number this Department will publish every other week a special article by an expert on some particular branch of Amateur Sport. The following articles in the series are already arranged for and will be profusely illustrated:

BOATING PROBLEMS, by Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Cornell.

MODERN FOOTBALL DEVELOPMENT, by Cameron Forbes, Harvard.

NAVAL ACADEMY ROWING, by Paul Dashiell.

WEST POINT FOOTBALL, by Harmon S. Graves.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH POLO, ITS RELATION TO CAVALRY CAMPS, by H. L. Herbert, Chairman of the Polo Association.

CANADIAN FOOTBALL, by Edwin Bayly, Toronto.

TRAINING SPRINTERS, by M. C. Murphy, trainer Yale track team.

GOLF FOR WOMEN, by Lilian Brooks.

ELIGIBILITY AND COLLEGE ATHLETICS, by Professor Wilfrid H. Munro, Brown University.

AMERICAN CRICKET, by Geo. S. Patterson, Philadelphia.

ON THE FAR NORTH SHORE, A STORY OF TROUT, by W. S. Harwood.

MIDDLE WEST ATHLETICS, by A. A. Stagg.

ICE-HOCKEY

BY C. E. PATTERSON

ICE-HOCKEY is now the leading midwinter sport in Greater New York—for spectators, at least, if not in the number of active participants. Although played here for the first time only five winters ago, and, in the beginning, with no special attempt to reach the sport-loving element, it has advanced steadily, numbering its enthusiasts by thousands last winter, where two seasons ago they could hardly have been counted by hundreds.

The season of 1897-8 surpassed its predecessors in point of popular interest, as well as in decidedly increased skill displayed by the players and a much higher standard of excellence demanded by the spectators.

The remarkable ease with which Americans take up anything new, master its principles and enlarge its possibilities, has seldom been more apparent than in respect of this game of hockey. Imported from Canada by a few Yale, Brown and Harvard men in 1893-4, the knowledge of it has spread so rapidly that thousands of spectators can discuss with intelligence and talk discriminatingly of the plays which follow one another with such startling rapidity. Where there were two teams five years ago, there were scores of teams last

winter, those in the American Hockey League, the Intercollegiate agreement, the Quaker City League, the Baltimore League, and the New York Inter-scholastic Association having been perhaps the most prominent.

The playing season began in December, 1897, and ran until the very last of the following March—when the New York A. C. team wrested the championship from the St. Nicholas players for the second time—public interest in the games having steadily increased from week to week. The leading organization, the American Hockey League, of which the Hon. Bartow S. Weeks is president, took the field in December with five active clubs—the New York A. C., champions of the previous season; the St. Nicholas Skating Club, the Hockey Club of New York, the Skating Club of Brooklyn, and the Montclair Athletic Club. The Crescent Athletic Club, which, except for its football teams of 1888-94 and its still-maintained lacrosse teams, has never gone in very much for competitive sport, decided not to present a hockey team for the season of 1897-8.

The outcome of the season's play was as follows:

1897	9, New York A. C., 4	Brooklyn, 2
Dec.	16, Hockey Club, 3	Montclair, 0
"	22, Hockey Club, 4	Brooklyn, 3
"	23, New York, 2	St. Nicholas, 2
"	29, New York, 1	Hockey Club, 0
"	30, St. Nicholas, 8	Montclair, 3
1898	5, Brooklyn, 2	Montclair, 0
Jan.	13, St. Nicholas, 1	Hockey Club, 0
"	19, New York, 2	Montclair, 1
"	23, St. Nicholas, 3	Brooklyn, 1
Feb.	2, Montclair, 2	Hockey Club, 1
"	8, New York, 6	St. Nicholas, 1
"	9, Brooklyn, 3	Hockey Club, 1
"	12, St. Nicholas, 3	Montclair, 0
"	16, Brooklyn, 5	New York, 1
"	24, St. Nicholas, 2	Hockey Club, 0
March	2, Brooklyn, 4	Montclair, 0
"	8, New York, 1	Hockey Club, 0
"	15, Brooklyn, 3	St. Nicholas, 2
"	22, New York, 1	Montclair, 0
"	25, St. Nicholas, 4	New York, 2
"	56, New York, 2	St. Nicholas, 1

THE SCORE BY GAMES

	Won	Lost	Tied
New York Athletic Club	7	2	1
St. Nicholas Skating Club	6	3	1
Skating Club of Brooklyn	5	3	0
Hockey Club of New York	3	6	0
Montclair Athletic Club	1	7	0

THE SCORE BY GOALS

	Scored	Opponents Scored
New York Athletic Club	22	16
St. Nicholas Skating Club	27	19
Skating Club of Brooklyn	23	15
Hockey Club of New York	9	13
Montclair Athletic Club	6	24

The especial features of the season's play were the great improvement of the Skating Club of Brooklyn team, which, strengthened by Wall, Drysdale and Dobby, former Montreal experts, came to the front with a rush; the weakening of the New York A. C. team in the loss of Fry and Lynch; the increased knowledge of the game shown by all the other teams, bringing them much nearer the New York A. C. standard; the increased tendencies toward roughness, due to some of the most recently added Canadian players, who introduced a few of the methods which are tolerated in Montreal rinks; the inefficiency of much of the umpiring; and, apart from the championship series but of utmost importance to New York hockey, the visit of the champion Victorias of Montreal.

In the previous season, the New Yorks had swept everything before them, winning all six scheduled games and scoring 60 goals to their opponents 4. Led by the astute and expert Fenwick, they were in a class by themselves, quite removed from any of the other teams. But the season of 1897-8, recapitulated above, indicates clearly how much more evenly a working knowledge of the finer points of the game was distributed among all the teams. The margin by which the New Yorks won the championship was very slender indeed, and there would be excuse for the St. Nicholas men in claiming (but, to their credit, they have not done so) that the deciding game, which was only won by the New Yorks by 2-1, might have had a different ending had not St. Nicholas played minus the services of Captain Barron, the life of the team and one of the best forwards in the league.

St. Nicholas played the most uneven game of any of the teams. Their best form was equal to anything shown in a league match; their worst would have lost to Montclair, the tail-enders.

The finish of the Brooklyn team was the best and most consistent piece of work of the year. They did not get together in their first two games and lost them; their fourth game out of the series of eight was against the St. Nicholas team at its best, and so they were outplayed. But after January 25, they were not beaten, four straight victories over all comers, the New Yorks and St. Nicholas included, bringing their season to a very creditable close. In these four games, they scored 15 points to their opponents 2, making their total record for the season, considered by goals, the best of any team in the league.

Another curious feature of the season was the closeness of the scores by which the Hockey Club of New York was defeated. In both games lost to the New York A. C. the scores were 1-0, and in each instance there was serious question as to its correctness. In the first game, it was claimed that the puck went above the tops of the posts and not through them; and in the second, the umpire who allowed the goal was a New

York A. C. substitute, who declared that the rubber went close inside the post, while the Hockey Club men asserted with equal positiveness that it went outside. The writer doesn't repeat these claims because he supports the Hockey Club view, but to illustrate how close were the contests and at the same time to support his oft-repeated contention that all umpires should have absolutely nothing to do with either contesting team, and that they should be carefully selected from experienced material long before the dates of the games.

Considering the disadvantages accruing to the Mount-Clairs, they made an excellent record. They had to go miles from home for practice at the Clermont Avenue Rink, Brooklyn, suffered much loss of sleep and sustained considerable expense as well, in order to get into shape for their games.

Ex-Canadian players, as usual, formed a large proportion of some of the teams, and indeed no team was a straight-out home combination. It has been well to have had the benefit of those players' presence and their knowledge of ice-hockey. No one could wish for the exclusion of such men as Fenwick, Wallace, Ewing, Drysdale, Hart, and Wall. They have rendered great service in illustrating the possibilities of the game; but if hockey is ever to be placed on a permanent, solid basis in the United States, it must be through the training of large numbers of our local athletes. We want more Barrons, Callenders, Drakeleys, Wrenns, Halls, Hornfecks, and other native players. Let us hereafter discourage the Canadian accessions and encourage the host of collegians, schoolboys and athletic clubmen who are available as material.

The men who played most frequently for the league teams were:

New York A. C.—Captain Fenwick, Wallace, Baird, Womham, Bogart, Waters, Belden, A. R. Pope, and MacCrae.
St. Nicholas Skating Club—Captain Thomas Barron, Callender, R. D. Wrenn, Slocum, Hewitt, Larned, Robb, Crowninshield, and Livingston.

Skating Club of Brooklyn—Captain Drakeley, Wall, Dobby, Hall, Drysdale, Mackenzie, Hallock, and Randall.
Hockey Club of New York—Captain Hunt, de Casanova, B. Phillips, S. Phillips, Russell, Laing, Curran, Cunningham, and O'Donnell.

Montclair Athletic Club—Captain Max Hornfeck, H. Hornfeck, G. Hornfeck, Koehler, Parmlin, Ewing, the Williams boys, Kennaday, and Jacobus.

Early in the season, Mr. Ireland, a member of the Skating Club of Brooklyn, offered a handsome intercollegiate trophy for which Yale, Brown and Columbia competed. Harvard's team was expected to enter, but it proved such a disappointment that Captain Goodridge gave up the idea. Princeton, despite lack of ice for practice, had a team which played one good game in Brooklyn, but it was disbanded by faculty direction. Although Brown's skaters had previously devoted themselves entirely to ice-polo, they nevertheless plunged into the new game with the snap so characteristic of that university and actually won the series without losing a game, the scores against Yale being 1-0, 0-0, 2-1; against Columbia her victories were decided, and Yale secured second place by also beating Columbia, 4-0 and 4-1.

The Brown team included Captain Hunt, Pevear, Cooke, Day, Steere, Bucklin, and Barrows.

Yale's men were Captain Barnett, Hall, Cox, Stoddard, Campbell, Palmer, and Smith. The latter was as good a goal-tender as any in the metropolitan district.

Columbia played Captain Belden, Roberts, Pell, Van Voorhis, Livingston, Henderson, Robb (formerly of Princeton), and Lyle (formerly of Cornell).

There is no good reason why other Northern colleges should not take up this admirable game. In addition to those mentioned, Pennsylvania had a fairly good team, and it was also played by men from Johns Hopkins, Haverford, and the University of Maryland.

There are many other colleges, East and West, where it should find strong support; for instances, Cornell, Syracuse, Rochester, Union, and Hobart in New York State. And why should not Williams, Amherst, and Dartmouth add it to their intercollegiate schedule?

In the West, the Universities of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan could develop splendid teams and play an intercollegiate series.

One of the important developments of last season was the opening of the West Park Ice Palace, Philadelphia, and the organization of the Quaker City Amateur Hockey League. The game was introduced in Philadelphia two years ago, by ex-Canadian players studying in the University of Pennsylvania; as, for instance, Orton, Willett, Agnew, and Phymister.

The league included five clubs—the Quaker City, Haverford College, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia Dental, and Wayne Hockey Club. Four of these played a round-robin, the winner meeting the formidable Quaker City team in a three-game series. Haverford captured the round-robin with the loss of only one game, but when they met the Quaker City team the latter were to them as Deyewy met Montijo or as Sampson was to Cervera. In the first game the score was 17-2, in the second 15-0; and as for the third—why, the Haverfords, with great wisdom, emulated the example of the conservative Admiral Camara and stayed at home. The Quaker City also won games, in their home rink, from the Maryland A. C. team, the Hockey Club of New York, and the St. Nicholas team—the latter, however, having a novice goal-tend, while the Quaker City played all but one of their regular team.

For the season of 1898-9 the Quaker City have tried to get into the Amateur Hockey League of New York, but the latter has refused to enlarge its membership. It has agreed, however, to entertain a challenge, from the winner in any regularly-organized league series, for the national championship any time before March 20, 1899, the challenger to play the winner of the Amateur Hockey League schedule.

(January 21—CANADIAN FOOTBALL, by Edwin Bayly, of Toronto.)



Photographed by Horton Bros., Providence, R. I.

BROWN UNIVERSITY HOCKEY TEAM—WINNERS OF THE IRELAND TROPHY, 1887-88

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who nusses or who wins the prize,
Go loose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

ALL-AMERICA TEAM

First Eleven	Second Eleven	Third Eleven
Palmer, Princeton.	Poe, Princeton.	Folwell, Penn.
Hillebrand, Princeton.	Steele, Michigan.	Sweetland, Cornell.
Brown, Yale.	McCracken, Penn.	Randolph, Pa. State.
Overfield, Penn.	Cunningham, Mich.	Jaffray, Harvard.
Hare, Penn.	Boal, Harvard.	Reed, Cornell.
Chamberlin, Yale.	Haughton, Harv'd.	Foy, West Point.
Hallowell, Harv'd.	Cochrane, Harvard.	Smith, West Point.
Daly, Harvard.	Kennedy, Chicago.	Kromer, West Point.
Outland, Penn.	Richardson, Brown.	Raymond, West'an.
Dibblee, Harvard.	Warren, Harvard.	Benedict, Nebraska.
Herschberger, Chl.	O'Dea, Wisconsin.	Romeyn, West Pt.

ALL-AMERICA TEAM OF 1897

First Eleven	Second Eleven	Third Eleven
Cochran, Princeton.	Boyle, Pennsylvania.	Moulton, Harvard.
Chamberlin, Yale.	Rodgers, Yale.	Hillebrand, Princeton.
Hare, Pennsylvania.	Chadwick, Yale.	Bouvé, Harvard.
Doucette, Harv'd.	Cadwalader, Yale.	Overfield, Penn.
Brown, Yale.	Rinehart, L.Y'te.	McCracken, Penn.
Outland, Penn.	Scales, West Pt.	Donald, Harvard.
Hall, Yale.	McKee, Cornell.	Tracy, Cornell.
De Saules, Yale.	Young, Cornell.	Baird, Princeton.
Dibblee, Harvard.	Nesbitt, West Pt.	Bannard, Princeton.
Kelly, Princeton.	Fultz, Brown.	Walbridge, L.Y'te.
Minds, Penn.	McBride, Yale.	Wheeler, Princeton.

The lesson of the season of 1898 to players and coaches was the demonstration of the value of the kicking department. This, in a way, is opposed to what had become such a predominant factor; namely, team play, as evidenced in the running game and special formations. The kicking branch, given an ordinarily good line, is a question of individual ability in the kicker and ends. Get a man who can punt accurately and far, and two ten-second men who can tackle when the ball drops, and the combination shows for itself what a feature individual ability may become. And since so much has been made of mass plays and long-studied interference, since the accomplishment of getting eight men into the push at the same moment has been regarded as such a feature of the play, it is good for the game and good for the sport to have it shown that individual skill and individual speed are still tremendous factors in winning games. Again, it is individual work pure and simple to catch punts. And two at least of the big games of this season were lost through a woful lack of this individual ability. Football takes on at once fifty per cent more interest, especially to the spectator, now that he knows the possibilities and probabilities of his seeing the ball are thus increased. To watch the struggling mass of players move painfully two or three yards at a time, while it becomes exciting to the partisan when the play reaches the five-yard line, can to the general on-looker never compare in point of interest with the interchange of kicks, the swoop down the field of two ends, the dodge and run back of the good catcher, or the fatal muff and scurry to secure the ball, and perhaps a touchdown and victory, involved in the punting game.

In selecting an All-American Team last year and this year, I have endeavored to follow out consistently what would be the course of the management if such a team were to be a real one, destined to meet an outside rival, and equipped as well as are our big teams in point of material. Every big university has for its team not eleven men, but a first eleven and a second eleven, and as many more available men as would go to make up a third eleven. Harvard played something like sixteen men in only one of her big games, and, as noted in an earlier portion of this review, could have fully equipped three elevens. We should hardly do less in our selection for a national team.

Hallowell has all the family football characteristics. He possesses a keen eye for the ball, good speed, and that ability to break interference without which the modern end can hardly be said to be equipped for his position. In both the Pennsylvania and Yale games it

was his work in getting down the field, together with that of his comrade end, that made Haughton's kicking so wonderfully effective. Nor was Hallowell caught by trick plays, delayed passes or end runs; and this is the true test of the football caliber of an end to-day. To be fast, to break interference, and to be wise about the time of going in, make up the requisites of an end rusher, and all these Hallowell possessed in a marked degree. Hallowell showed his speed in the Pennsylvania game and his judgment as to going in in both that match and the later one at New Haven. In both games, and during the entire season, his tackling was hard and clean. Smith of West Point and Snow of Michigan were the only ones who could pick out the man with the ball as well. Poe took greater advantage of fumbles, but was not as able in meeting interference, especially where it was close, and his light weight handicapped him.

Palmer was one of the most effective of the ends of the season, owing in a large measure to his speed. He is probably the fastest end on the field to-day, and with that speed he combines good judgment and strong, clean tackling. The man who gets by him has to take big chances and make the most of them. While not a showy player, he was a careful one. When interference or a long or double pass tended to get the runner out beyond him, he usually managed to keep getting out beyond him, so that, although a slight gain might be made, he prevented that fatal circling of the end which a runner must accomplish in order to net a large gain. It was due to his speed that De Saules never had that one chance for a run back for which he would have sacrificed that ankle.

Poe of Princeton made the most remarkable single run, and by far the most telling runs of the year, but he might have made that run from any other position than that of end, and his general performance throughout the season, while of the highest grade, could not quite place him ahead of Palmer and Hallowell. Yet none compared with him in these wonderful dashes. In the Annapolis game eighty yards, in the Brown game forty yards, and in the Yale game ninety-five yards, and touchdowns in every case, ought to fill this young man's cup to the brim. Folwell of the University of Pennsylvania and Cochrane of Harvard were both very strong men, and Cochrane had an additional ability to kick; but the fact that Cochrane was unable to play out either of his two big matches, and that Folwell was unable in the Harvard game to prevent the running back of Hare's kicks, prevents them from being set up with Palmer and Hallowell. Cochrane of Harvard was first-class, had an ability to kick and was a dashing player, but he failed to last out either of his big games. Smith of West Point and Hedges of Pennsylvania both played some remarkable games, and the former had exceptional ability in reaching the man with the ball. Snow of Michigan was one of the best ends the West has developed and close to some of the best in point of speed. Anderson of Wisconsin is also an end deserving of mention, and so is Stringer of Nebraska. Chadwell of Williams kept up his good work and exhibited the results of experience. Hubbell of Yale was at times a most striking example of good end play, but he was not in condition. Hamill of Chicago was another man of ability, but at Philadelphia was unable to cover Herschberger's punts, owing to slow starting. Womble, a University of California freshman, did capital work, and if he keeps in the game will be heard from. Parker of Stanford displayed in this his second year good speed.

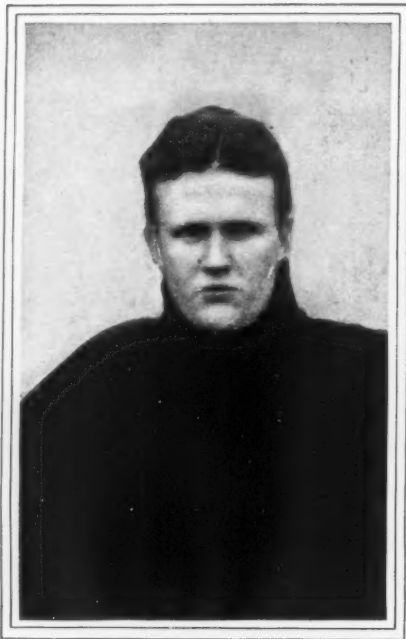
Hillebrand, while he did not allow his captaincy to interfere with the play of his position, undertook at times more of the work than ought to fall to the share of the tackle on a well-balanced team. This was due not a little to the make up of the Princeton line, where the chief resisting force lay in the three men in the middle, but the weight of these three men made quick shifting of their positions impossible. Hence Hillebrand had plenty to do, and was literally all over the field. He is one of the exceptions to the general rule of men who undertake such a practice, for he was safe and steady, as well as at times brilliant. While the work he had

to do gave him an opportunity of showing his great ability for close following of the ball, Hillebrand has never since '96 had a chance to show to the full his ability, and what it would be on a well-balanced team. In that year he was young and green, but good, and with the added experience with the same backing, he would have shone out this season in a way to make a name for himself among the star tackles of the past. As it was, he has made sure of a place, but not the lasting fame of a Cowan or a Church.

Chamberlin, the other captain of the season of 1898 to stand in the tackle's position, while perhaps not as aggressive as in '97, was well up above the rank of the ordinary tackle both in offense and defense. Added to that, he performed some kicking, as did Houghton of Harvard. Between the two, as far as kicking went, there was no comparison. Houghton outclassed him, as he did practically all the Eastern kickers, especially in the point of accuracy. But in the ordinary work of the tackle's position, taking the season through, Chamberlin performed the duties of the place with more uniform certainty than any other tackle save Hillebrand, particularly when it is considered that the Yale man had to bolster up a line that had several seriously weak points. Time and again in the Princeton game it was the Yale captain, who, performing the work that should have been accomplished by the ends, would bring down the man who was attempting the run to kick back. His tackling was certain as the grip of a steel trap, and he never missed his man. It is his unerring selection of the moment and the man that has always made Chamberlain such a valuable tackle, and this year he repeated his own individual good work, though less strongly in the Harvard than in the Princeton game.

Houghton was far and away the best kicker on the Eastern gridiron this fall. He had distance, height and accuracy, and, added to all these, he kicked a ball which, while it looked to the spectators to be an easy one to handle, proved the bane of every man who during the season was called upon to catch it. I have it on the authority of Mr. Forbes that not even Daly and Dibblee, after a season's work upon it, could make sure of catching the punts that Houghton drove. This may be some measure of consolation to the men on the Pennsylvania and Yale teams who had this work to do in the big games. Moreover, the Houghton of 1898 was a very different Houghton from the man who played in the last Yale game at Cambridge. He was active, confident and aggressive. He improved steadily as the play went on, and his exhibition in both his big games has not been equalled by any kicker for many years. In fact, the net result of his work is probably greater by actual measurement of gains than that of any kicker in any of our big matches. If this could properly be regarded as work belonging to the tackle position no competitor could equal him. But it is not a prerequisite of a tackle that he should be a punter. In fact, other things being equal, a punting half or full-back is better than a punting tackle, because it should enable an eleven to get off a kick against opponents when less prepared for that particular play. As a tackle pure and simple, Houghton was undeniably good, but not as shifty or experienced as either Chamberlin or Hillebrand. As heavy a man as Hare could not have got to the outside of either of these men.

Steckle of Michigan is a star tackle, and while he has not perhaps shown the fullness of general development



PERCY M. JAFFRAY,
Harvard's Giant Center Rush, who died
December 22, 1898.

exhibited by Hillebrand and Chamberlin, it has been because the general opportunity of acquiring a wide experience has not been offered to him. Foy of West Point is well up. Sweetland of Cornell followed the ball most closely, and with Donald gained a touchdown thereby in a big game. Carnett and B. Pierce, in the East, were especially strong in some of their matches, the former against Chicago and the latter in the Yale game; and Holmes of Wisconsin is as good a man as the West has produced outside of Steckle. Hagood of Brown did some strong playing also. Cady of Colgate is a first-class man, as Sweetland discovered when they met. Pringle of Berkeley had cleverness, and made the most of it for his team, enabling his backs to take many yards outside Stanford's tackle.

Hare, in spite of all the work that GUARDS was thrown on his shoulders in the way of punting, running and defense, was undoubtedly the guard of the season. He was pretty well hammered to pieces before the end, but for all that his injuries were hardly apparent in his play, save when he had to perform his kicking. He is a

natural player, has unlimited spirit and dash, and is for a guard exceptionally fast. He can make ground with the ball, he can aid in the interference, he can tackle, and he can block. In addition to all these, he is a fair punter when in condition, but liable to kick too low for his ends. But kicking has not been regarded, and may not fairly be regarded, in a guard's province. For two years this man has demonstrated that he can perform all the duties of the guard's position as well, and in several respects better than any man he has faced, and, in fact, better than any man occupying the place on any team. That he has been able, in addition to this, to help out a lamentable weakness in the kicking department of his team does not detract from his record.

Brown made his mark last season, and this year was equally steady and reliable. So far as the proper duties of the position are concerned, there was no man who could perform them better. He was not tried at running with the ball, nor at kicking, but in defensive work, and in opening holes in the opposing line, under legal restrictions, he was at the top of his class. Like Chamberlin, his captain, he had to help out men on either side of him, and the task was a large one, but his play in the Princeton game alone would have insured him the place even without the other good work that he performed throughout the season. He is a student of the game, and before he came to college developed a strong school team. He knows why his position requires certain qualities and what to do under the most trying circumstances. He is fully competent to cope with the unexpected, and is what may be termed a thoroughly experienced and extraordinarily well-equipped guard. In the Harvard game he was put in the position of having to do a share of the work of men on each side of him. I doubt very much if any guard of this season, save possibly Hare, would have been able to stand it out with anything like the success that Brown exhibited upon that occasion. He might have been content with showing off simply as a guard, but Brown is not that kind of a player, and, seeing the need, he supplied it to the best of his ability.

McCracken, had he been in first-rate condition through the season, would have crowded Brown very closely, although he could not equal his team mate, Hare. Boal of Harvard and Reed of Cornell are likewise close to the leaders, and played consistent football throughout the season. Wheeler of Brown, Burnett of Chicago, and Townsend of Wesleyan also deserve special mention for reliability in the straight work of the position. Burden of Harvard was good in defensive play and strong on his feet. Randolph of Pennsylvania State was the strongest of his team, and that team was a good one. Had he been on some of the crack teams he would have made a good bid for a place with the best. Caley of Michigan was, like Hare, a guard with a double duty, for he played full-back upon occasion, and did it well. There was another man who exhibited the interchangeability of guard and full-back. Greisberg of California, full-back in '97, was moved up to guard this year, and made one of the best line men on the Coast. Mosse of Kansas is another guard with kicking ability, although Turner of Nebraska was rather the stronger on the regular position.

Discussion of All-America team to be concluded next week.

WALTER CAMP.

LITERATURE

THE DAY'S WORK. By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Doubleday, McClure Co.

WERE it the law of the land that every new book increased its author's glory, the sale of all the worst, worse, bad, good, better, and best books would rapidly enrich the writing race, to the proportionate impoverishment of common, vertebrate mankind. Gyp would be a billionaire and Marion Crawford a multi-millionaire. To gratify the 17,843,921 prospective readers of "The Day's Work" who are asking whether "it is as good as Kipling's other books," it may be stated that its best parts sustain his fame.

"The Day's Work" comprises twelve unconnected tales. The blessings and virtues of stories which are short are inestimable in this train-catching, telegraphing, record-breaking life. "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Madame de Sévigné's Letters" should be reserved for the leisure and tranquillity of another place. In one respect, however, in Kipling's book, illustrated by "William the Conqueror," the short story always fails. Where are the Grandeur, the Sir Ralph, the Major Pen-dennis of this class of romantic literature? They are nowhere, because a man, to be hated or loved, must be seen in a hundred moods, in a hundred dealings with a hundred people, under a hundred frowns and a hundred smiles of fortune. For this there is no room in thirty or forty pages in which landscapes, architecture, football, snowstorms, politics, rum-punch, policemen, and dogs are accommodated. Whether your brief or infrequent encounters with a man occur in a large house, or a little story, crowded with people and things, no solid impression is stamped on your mind as to his character. You are not able to swear he is the most inveterate miser, or the most steadfast lover, or the most pyramidal snob, in existence, and then to remember him as such. The acquaintance has been too casual. "William the Conqueror" is a remarkable girl, and her manly way and mannish look may linger a little in your memory, but you will forget her because you did not know her long enough.

Kipling's Commentaries "De Britannia India" are

continued in this volume. Tiger hunting is celebrated in "The Tomb of His Ancestors," Hindu superstition in the same tale and in "The Bridge-Builders," frontier warfare in "The Brushwood Boy," polo in "The Maltese Cat," the domination of 290,000,000 natives by 100,000 English in the first three stories named and in "William the Conqueror."

On the first voyage over the Atlantic of "The Ship that Found Herself," the various parts of the ship entertained an animated conversation all the way across. They squabbled and pooh-poohed like any children of men. They talked of pulling together when each thought of nothing but pulling for himself. The funnel was obstinate and grumbled, the steam was cosmopolitan and sarcastic, the rivets never ceased chattering. In the same way, locomotive "007" and his fellow-locomotives discussed their affairs in the yard. Some complained of their lot, some vaunted their line of business, and some scolded others. "You flat-car," is how one locomotive sneered at one of his locomotive brethren. The Mogul engine was bumptious, the Pennsylvania ill-mannered, the Compound, from Boston, used beautiful foreign words, like *outré* and *outré*. Kipling is in the way of becoming the prose *Æsop* for things inanimate.

"A Walking Delegate," but an equine, takes part in a horse conversation on a Vermont farm, which is a more or less successful attempt to reproduce idiosyncrasies of thought and speech of some localities in these United States. Boney, from Kansas, is a verbose, vociferous kicker. He urges revolt against "Man the Oppressor": "Quit workin', fellow-sufferers an' slaves! Kick! Rear! Plunge! Lie down on the shafts, an' veller! Smash an' destroy! The conflict will be, but short, an' the victory is certain. After that we can press our inalienable rights to eight quarts o' oats a day—" Muldoon, of the metropolis, is a caustic, convincing hustler. He observes: "Onet yer git enter it, youse kin yank a cable-car outer a man-hole. . . . Dere's no wavin' brooks ner ripplin' grass on de Belt Line. Run her out on de cobbles wid de sparks flyin', an' stop when de cop slugs you on de bone o' yer nose. Dat's N'York: see?" "The Maltese Cat" is a polo pony, who discourses with his companions while at work. "They carry their whips in their hands instead of on their wrists," "dribble her along the sides," "Who said anything about biting? I'm not playing

tiddly-winks. I'm playing the game." Such are the remarks of the animals, their riders' equals in zest and discretion. The ponies interpret the thought of interested and expert human spectators of the game. Kipling's horses are not political satirists, like the Houynhims, and do not, like Swift's, lash out at all human institutions, yet an hour in their company does remind us that a lot of our human profundity and eloquence is mere rubbish and gabble, that the beasts of the field were created as much for their own pleasure as for ours, that all living beings have a taskmaster, and that they all have feelings.

The titles "The Devil and the Deep Sea" and "Bread upon the Waters" announce the subject those stories treat of. We landlubbers plead that we are not yet dry after the sousing we got in our expedition with "Captains Courageous."

An American, who wished to become a very English inhabitant of England, committed what in that country was "An Error in the Fourth Dimension." The consequence of the error was his enragement and his flight from those obsequiously impassive shores to the land of freedom and soda-fountains. "The guard I found scratching his head unofficially" shows the author laughing at Old England. The anglo-maniac deserves berating wherever found, but Kipling, with gladness too obvious, seizes the opportunity to throw Miss Columbia's imperfections in her face. He in some measure possesses the large, tolerant irony of the greatest minds, but until he can quite shake off his impatience, irritability, bitterness, and querulousness, he will not rank with the world's first novelists. In conception and execution he surely has the divine afflatus. Temperament and talent in happy marriage—a marriage made in Heaven!

The analysis of the physical and moral effects, on the navy, of the purgative administered by mistake, in "My Sunday at Home," is not to be recommended to ladies. Nor are "La Bête Humaine" and "Germinal." But the realistic force spent on this unworthy theme, no living writer of English but Thomas Hardy could hope to rival.

"The Brushwood Boy" is "pure romance," embodying a Molièreque perception of human nature, delightful poetic fancies, sentiments generous and tender, diction suiting each phase of the story, and, best of all, a sweet, mystic charm.

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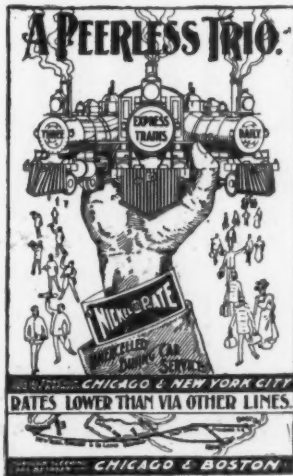
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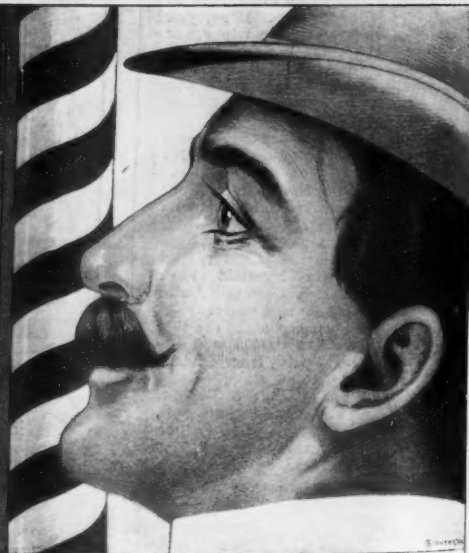
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